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APPOINTMENTS TO THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE is a quarter of the United Kingdom in which the natural envy of a Saxon will be assumed to have dictated any remarks ever so slightly disparaging the result of the recent Indian Civil Service Examination. Yet the subject is a very important one, and there are reflections suggested by it which it would be dishonest to suppress. It is not, in the first place, satisfactory to find that the English Universities only send their third or fourth-rate men to the Examinations, and these in very small numbers. The most distinguished competitor from Oxford, on the recent occasion, had merely obtained a first-class in Moderations, which bears to the old Oxford First-class much the same relation which the knighthood of a Knight-Bachelor bears to the knighthood of Bayard; and Cambridge, which hardly supplied any candidates at all, was most conspicuously represented by a Johnian undergraduate. This paucity of aspirants from the greatest places of education in the country may be partly ascribed to the dissuasions of the college and private tutors, who, competing among themselves for places in the class-lists, are unwilling to dismiss their most promising pupils to a field of competition remote from Oxford and Cambridge, and little interesting to them. But the secret lies chiefly in the very inadequate value which these Indian appointments possess in the eyes of the young men who constitute the flower of the English Universities. Marvellous as is the preference, a fellowship appears a higher prize than a post in the Civil Service of India. Lord ELLENBOROUGH spoke in the House of Lords of an Indian civilian's opportunities as among the noblest which man can enjoy. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, however, has been a University prizeman in his day, and we are perfectly certain that, if he had had his way to make in the world, like his father, he would have laughed at an offer to give him an Indian appointment, instead of a fellowship, as the meed of his very excellent Latin verses. A fellowship, in fact, is looked upon by the undergraduate not only as the natural and accepted climax of University study, but as the probable stepping-stone to fortune and fame, to lawn sleeves and ermine. It was one of the advantages of the old system of Indian appointments that the comparatively limited section of society which enjoyed them thoroughly understood their character and value. They despatched to India the best talent which could be found among the favoured families, and the young men selected went out under no prejudices and no illusions, pretty well understanding the nature of their work beforehand, quite aware of their privileges, yet conscious that they were to be compensated by great responsibilities and a monotonous life.

Trinity College, Dublin, has addressed itself to the field which Oxford and Cambridge seem indisposed to enter. The Irish University has, properly speaking, nothing to offer like an English fellowship. Its fellowships are really tutorships, debarring the incumbent from active life, absolutely necessitating his assumption of holy orders, and tying him down to that which is to many the most irksome of all labours, the labour of tuition. The relaxation of the rule of celibacy has, moreover, made the succession to the Foundation intolerably slow. Under these circumstances, the Indian Civil Service appointments have become the true Fellowships of Trinity College, while the cadetships in the scientific corps have become, as it were, its Scholarships. We understand that its educational course has been very greatly modified, so as to afford express preparation for these competitions. And this result, if not altogether satisfactory, is exceedingly preferable to many others which might have been looked for. It is decidedly better that the training for the Indian or any other service should devolve on an ancient and organized institution, with a thoroughly competent staff

of teachers, than that it should fall into the ignoble hands of the professional crammer. If Trinity College could use the experience which it possesses, in common with the English Universities, in shaping the Indian examination, we should have far greater confidence than we can pretend to have in the experiment of competition. But the Dublin University, instead of influencing the nature of the test, is itself profoundly affected by it. It educates a number of young men up to the requirements of the Indian examiners, a process followed by consequences exceedingly intelligible to those who have made a study of the competitive system, but far from reassuring to those who are solicitous for the efficiency of the service recruited on the new plan. For we perceive that several of the most successful candidates have been close to the top in all, or nearly all, the branches of competition. Great is the exultation of the Irish journals at this success; but what does it prove? Principally, that the system is working in a manner altogether different from the intentions of its originators. Lord MACAULAY and the other authors of the change certainly anticipated that the different branches of the competition would check each other. The mathematician was to have his chance in mathematics, the scholar in classics, and so forth. Could they have known that in a particular examination several gentlemen would appear at the head of the list at once in classics, mathematics, modern languages, and mental philosophy, they would have considered the result as telling heavily against the experiment, since nothing could have produced it except a low standard, a slack competition, or energetic cram. The examination being now under the control of the Civil Service Commissioners, we presume that the standard has not been unreasonably lowered, but the competition, from the causes we have mentioned, which are of course additionally powerful in the present state of India, has not been as animated as the greatness of the prize deserved, and as far as we see, there is no cure for it except fixing the standard in each branch of examination at so great a height as to forbid apparent proficiency in too great a variety of subjects. Yet this expedient has its drawbacks, for it is apt to place a few special men at the head of the list, while it tails off the rest in a ruck of indistinguishable mediocrity.

What, after all, is at present the result of recruiting the Indian Civil Service by competition instead of nomination? Simply this. We are substituting Irishmen for Scotchmen in the Civil Government of India. Englishmen, who are impartial judges of the question, may be allowed to ask whether the empire gains by the exchange. There are some points of national character in which Scotch and Irish agree. They are equally noted at home for their local patriotism and their narrow religious prejudices. Are they, then, equally unfit to govern a strange country and to deal with men of a strange faith? The answer must certainly be in the negative as regards Scotchmen. It is one of their oddest peculiarities that, separated from their blessed native land, they become the most cosmopolitan of human beings. A Scotchman in India puts his nationality and his Calvinism in his pocket, and no more thinks of obtruding his home habits on the native than of forcing Fakeers to dilute their Ganges-water with whisky, or to sing BURNS to an accompaniment of tom-toms. As a fact, the Europeans who have most understood the natives, have most sympathized with them, and won most of their confidence, have been Scotchmen. When, then, we insist on substituting Irishmen for them, it is a fair question whether the favoured race is distinguished by the same characteristics. Is it or is it not true that an Irishman is the same everywhere—in New York as in Tipperary, in St. Francisco as in Dublin? Is it or is it not true that he carries his religious prejudices

everywhere, that he can always be mastered by any one adroit enough to use them, and that he is everywhere anxious to secure their ascendancy? If this be true of him, it is not much to the purpose that the new Irish civilian will be a universal genius at twenty, while his Scottish predecessor was a long-legged and at first ignorant animal, who generally developed slowly, and rarely found all his wits till he was close upon thirty.

THE OPIUM CANT.

THAT secular, lax, and cynical portion of the world which devotes itself to the pursuit of its own pleasure or business, may sometimes compound for the numerous sins which it is inclined to, by a qualified condemnation of the religious and philanthropic eccentricities to which it has not the smallest mind. The managers of missionary societies ought to have enough to occupy their attention in their proper task of commencing or planning the conversion of the heathen, without advertising their piety and prudence by interfering in commercial questions. The Secretaries of the Church, London, and Wesleyan Missionary Societies have recently taken up their parable against the trade in opium, as immoral, unprofitable in itself, and injurious to the branches of commerce with which it competes; and it will probably be considered profane to remind them that a bad speculation may be left to its own fate, and that the protection of Manchester fabrics forms no part of the duty of a Missionary. Lord DERBY might perhaps take a preliminary objection to their Memorial, on the ground that philanthropists in general are bound by the undertakings of their recognised representative in the House of Lords. Lord SHAFTESBURY, as it is well known, sold the opium grievance to Lord PALMERSTON in part payment for the concession of ecclesiastical patronage to a particular faction in the Church; and the present Ministry might safely claim to continue the bargain, on condition of fulfilling the terms of the contract. As it may be hoped, however, that Puritanism is no longer to enjoy a monopoly of preferment, it will probably become necessary to renew the opium controversy, and fortunately it is a question on which much may be said, while the agitators themselves scarcely desire that anything should really be done.

It will remain impossible to the end of time to persuade those who are professionally virtuous, that, in the absence of conscious falsehood, cant is morally wrong; yet those who interfere in public affairs are guilty of culpable insincerity when they recommend the adoption of measures which they have never thought out, and which it is impossible that they should seriously approve. The Secretaries of the great religious societies are necessarily men of business, and they probably associate with many members of that class which has most universally adopted Free-trade as an unquestioned article of faith; and yet they are not ashamed to demand that the cultivation of a particular product should be discouraged or prohibited by the Government, partly on so-called moral grounds, and partly for the benefit of landowners and traders who are supposed to misunderstand their own interests. Even philanthropists, in their lucid intervals, must comprehend that an excise duty operates to a certain extent as a check on the consumption of any article; and if the Indian Treasury derives an income of four millions from the tax on opium, the object of the memorialists is partially attained by a process which is at the same time beneficial to the whole community. It is beside the question to prattle about the unsatisfactory nature of a revenue which is "founded on the vicious principle of monopoly, which is precarious, fluctuating," &c. The principle of monopoly is only vicious as interfering with the freedom of trade, and the memorialists desire to check the trade in opium. If the revenue is precarious, it is liable to cease, and so the grievance will be at an end. If it fluctuates upwards, the Treasury will have no cause to complain, but if downwards, the philanthropists ought to rejoice in the decline of the trade.

Still more illogical and impertinent is the allegation that "the cultivation of the poppy is attended by manifold evils, moral and material, occupying the richest lands in Bengal, which would otherwise be devoted to the growth of sugar, cotton, and indigo, and other articles which might be exchanged for the manufactures of this country; grievously oppressing in various ways the cultivators of the soil," &c. &c. It would be idle to inquire why the cultivation of the poppy should be peculiarly oppressive to the peasantry who cultivate it in preference to articles said to be better suited

to the English market. If religious philanthropists were restricted by the ordinary rules of truth and common-sense, they would probably admit that a taxed commodity which drives an untaxed article out of competition must be preferred from motives of economical advantage. The beet-root growers of France are less hypocritical when they urge on their Government the expediency of laying heavy burdens on colonial sugar. They have not yet learned from Protestant missionary societies to rest their demands on the supposed disadvantage of the cultivation of the sugar-cane as it affects the West Indian planter. The real object of the opium memorialists is, or ought to be, purely moral, and it is absurd to attempt to prove that the course which they recommend is pleasant and profitable, at the same time that it is an imperative duty. It is better to give up four millions a year than to commit a great crime; but still the loss of four millions, and of the much larger profits from which the revenue is levied, can scarcely fail to be a sacrifice.

But is the opium monopoly after all so sinful? The question is interesting to English financiers who raise three or four times the amount of the opium revenue from brandy, rum, whisky, gin, and from the malt which is used in the manufacture of British spirits. It will be evident, even to the intellect of the platform, that all taxes on the elements of intoxication must, in moral and religious estimation, stand or fall together. Opium and whisky are both used in some cases for medicinal purposes, and in larger quantities both articles of consumption produce excitement and stupefaction. In the House of Commons, all financiers have recommended, with universal assent, that the tax on spirits should be limited only by the rate at which contraband production comes into play. The missionary societies are bound to give some reason for their confident assertion that a precisely opposite course ought to be adopted by the Indian Government. *Non olet*—the English Excise does not smell of intoxicating fluids; but the Indian Budget is intolerably loaded with the oppressive fumes of the poppy. The memorialists are fully aware that the form of a Government monopoly is only a mechanical contrivance for levying the tax, and, to do them justice, they do not affect to think that the substitution of a corresponding Excise duty would materially affect the trade either in theory or in practice. The people of Bengal grow opium because the Chinese are willing to buy it. The Indian Government only interferes by intercepting a considerable percentage of the proceeds. But the assertion that the connexion of Englishmen with opium smuggling interferes with the success of missionary operations in China makes a large demand on the credulity or on the complicity of Exeter Hall itself. In the first place, the alleged violation of Chinese law is a figment, inasmuch as the trade is carried on without the smallest official impediment; but even if opium were introduced into Canton as secretly as contraband tobacco into the port of London, the missionaries are perfectly aware that the national repugnance to Christianity is not founded on an over-sensitive morality. The Chinaman is no more likely to complain that Christians run cargoes, than to reject the teaching of missionary societies because they sign memorials replete with inaccuracy, with insincerity, and with nonsense. It is highly probable, indeed, that the astute Oriental may judge of the tree by its fruits, but he has not yet learned to consider contraband ventures or canting misstatements as intrinsically evil. It is because pious frauds are, in his own unenlightened country, unprofitable that the obstinate heathen perseveres in disregarding the precepts and example of his teachers. If he found that the English Government had engaged in the fantastic occupation of debarring some tens of millions of foreigners from the indulgence of a questionable taste, he would certainly mistake a sectarian triumph for some unintelligible calculation of national profit.

The final prayer of the memorial is so far consistent with the general principle of the agitation, as to be monstrous in its defiance of justice and political economy. The Government is asked to abandon the opium revenue and, at the same time, to maintain all the restrictions which have been imposed for the purpose of securing the payment of the tax. A strict system of prohibition is to be introduced into Bengal, for the alleged benefit of a foreign population, and with the collateral hope of extending the market for English manufactures. If Lord DERBY had been asked to prohibit distillation in the United Kingdom, it might have been urged that the Government was bound to protect the morals of its subjects, and the petitioners would have implicitly agreed to bear their part in the new burdens which

would have to be substituted for the excise on spirits. The opium agitators are generous at the expense of the Indian peasant, who is, on the one hand, to be debarred from a profitable cultivation, and, on the other, to add four millions to his taxes. If the ryots of Bengal were familiar with the vagaries of English philanthropy, they would probably find that the memorialists against opium have also, within the last year, demanded the introduction of measures which would condemn India to an internecine war, and to consequent ruin and bankruptcy. But the only excuse for the reckless proposals of irresponsible religionists consists in their half-conscious reliance on the good sense of the outer world. The Pharisee who has liberated his soul by a public protest against some necessary institution, well knows that secular statesmen will, at their own risk and guilt, protect him from the consequences of this virtuous zeal. Lord SHAFTESBURY himself would have delivered his last opium speech with less complacency, if he had not previously arranged that a friendly Government should supply the means of indefinitely shelving the question.

"THE HEALTH OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS."

MR. SPOONER, M.P., and Mr. NEWDEGATE, M.P., at "Tamworth," sounds like something piquant in the midst of this Saturnian reign of closed clubs and dominant paviors. But, unfortunately, it was only the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club assembled to commemorate, in draughts of ale and eloquence, what their rude sires used to call a good harvest, and what they, advancing with the intellectual age, call "a yield in the cereal crops which bids fair to remunerate them for the skill and enterprise they have displayed in the cultivation of their farms." So *Bucolics*, not politics and matters ecclesiastical, were the appointed theme of those great twins of oratory, Messrs. NEWDEGATE and SPOONER, on this occasion. Mr. SPOONER, however, managed ingeniously, in proposing the QUEEN'S health, to drink "Bloody end to the POPE," by reference, in a tolerably legitimate way, to the impious feast of Ballinasloe, where the POPE's name was substituted for that of the QUEEN. This is neater than the *tour de force* by which GEORGE III., at the beginning of his unhappy malady, brought the word "peacocks" into the KING's speech, after vainly endeavouring to get the Cabinet to bring it in for him. Mr. NEWDEGATE easily found an opening for "Conservative Principles" in giving "the House of Lords." The House of Lords is "a great Christian institution," which of course the House of Commons now is not—the misbelieving ROTHSCHILD having been admitted to the place once adorned by the most Christian presence of WILKES and GIBSON. Its most glorious characteristic, we are told, is its "independence," which "enables it to stay the arbitrary invasion of the Crown or to check the wanton impulses of the people." Its independence arises from its hereditary character, and in its hereditary character the ladies in general, and the ladies present at the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club dinner in particular, are deeply interested, inasmuch as hereditary succession can only take place through the medium of sons, and there can be no sons without mothers. We do not know what we owe to the House of Lords.

We may not know what we owe the House of Lords; but neither does the House of Lords quite know what it owes to itself. The least that men on whom such honours and privileges are cast can do, is to endeavour to perform, in some tolerable measure, the duties which their honours and privileges involve. The quorum for the House of Lords is only three, and therefore the real state of the attendance there can hardly ever be betrayed to the public by the tell-tale words—"No House." Probably the general impression is that the usual attendance, though it is not equal, bears at least some proportion to the attendance in the House of Commons; and that, when the wanton impulses of the people are checked, to use Mr. NEWDEGATE'S phrase, they are, at all events, checked by a respectable number of suffrages. The real fact is, that the numbers in which the Peers condescend to assemble for the despatch of public business very seldom exceed twenty, that they often dwindle, even on important occasions, to four or five, and that even questions of moment are sometimes decided by majorities and minorities which are told by units. The Division List sometimes discloses that which is otherwise concealed from the public eye, and the nation is informed that, on some point of considerable interest and consequence, its destinies have been settled by a majority of seven to four. Meantime the rest of the Peers in town, numbering probably some three hundred at the height of the season, are

"checking the wanton impulses of the people," and exhibiting themselves as the "Asylum of Constitutional Liberty," by taking their afternoon drive or ride in the park. It is not often, as business is done in the House of Lords, that the importunate claims of duty would call upon them to put off the hour of their dinner. They can imperil the existence of their House every now and then by some obstinate and suicidal resistance to measures of emancipation or reform, but they cannot take the trouble to save it from ridicule and contempt by riding down to Westminster one day in three, which would give an average attendance of a hundred. The Duke of WELLINGTON, with his vast personal influence, managed, as leader, to keep up a tolerable House. But Lord ABERDEEN, though also a leader of considerable personal influence, failed to do so; and Lord DERBY, with a great majority behind him, does not succeed much better. The Peers have no constituents to call them to account for their neglect of legislative duties. They are, as Mr. NEWDEGATE says, independent—free, like emancipated Quashees, to be as idle as they please—and the stimulus of honour and a great position is not keen enough to supply the want of the lash. They may be assured that the objects of Mr. NEWDEGATE'S religious admiration would sink considerably in public estimation, if the daily newspapers took to publishing the number of members present every evening in the House of Lords.

The Lords have still a great position, if they would only show themselves conscious that they have it. Their debates are still at least equal, in the higher parts of eloquence, to those of the Commons, though the best judges hold them to have declined considerably of late, owing, no doubt, to the smallness of the audience, which cannot fail to damp the speakers. The small number of eminent men who are at their head occupy a higher vantage ground, and have more real power of influencing the enlightened opinion of the country than men of equal eminence in the House of Commons, whose voice and judgment are not their own, but those of their constituents, and who speak with the halter of dissolution round their necks. Last Session showed, in the conspicuous instance of the dastardly conspiracy against Lord CANNING, how the independence of the Peers may maintain the honour of the country, and of the public service, when abandoned by a popularity-hunting Government and by the cowardice of the House of Commons. This power, which the Lords derive from their independence, will increase and rally support to them in proportion as the incurable envy and the tyrannical caprice of democratic constituencies exclude from the House of Commons the character and intellect which are ready to be the servants of the public, but which will be no man's slaves. It will increase, that is, if the proper measures are taken to sustain it. One of those measures certainly is that the Peers should regard it as their business, henceforth, to show a tolerable amount of appreciation of their privileges, and a tolerable sense of their own political importance, by making decent Houses always, and full Houses on important occasions. It is difficult to believe that this can be very irksome. A man who wears honours which he has not won, or won only by doing society the great service of being born, is placed, in some respects, at a moral disadvantage compared with those who have to win honour for themselves. But as a compensation for that disadvantage, he has offered to him from his youth a part and a voice in great affairs. How can a man with a spark of manly ambition in his nature choose to cast that compensation away, and to bear through a frivolous life a title which is a sarcasm on its bearer, and would be far more worthily borne by his footman or his valet, or any human being whose existence is of the slightest use to the world? "The health of the House of Lords," and may they attend better to their duties!

ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

SELF-PRaise, whether it is confined to the individual or extended to a kindred community, is rather a pleasant than a profitable occupation, and it is most gratifying to the vanity, and most questionable in its tendency, when the eulogist dwells on his own success in elevating the character of his country. Nevertheless, the *Times* is justified in calling the attention of its readers to the extraordinary advantage possessed by Englishmen in the combination, in this country, of editorial journalism with contemporary history. The careful accuracy of law and police reports, the daily records of administrative proceedings and of statistical results, the admirable

fidelity with which hostile Parliamentary speeches are reproduced, serve both as a preliminary check and as a subsequent corrective to the license of political essayists. The skilful compositions for which the newspaper press of France was celebrated in the days of its freedom were more easily produced, and were also more directly influential, from the almost universal ignorance of those to whom they were addressed. Scientific essays offered a far more available opportunity for rhetorical display before the commencement of the vast accumulation of facts which have resulted from modern observation and experience; and foreign journalists have always been prodigal of generalizations not less instructive than the old doctrine that light substances seek a congenial region in the empyrean, or that Nature abhors a void. It would be easy to quote many similar propositions tending to the honour of France, to the discredit of England, or to the exaltation of supposed revolutionary principles and of actual bureaucratic despotism, and it is evident that the facility of framing exhaustive axioms is in direct proportion to the paucity of the facts which must be fitted into the logical framework. Intelligent Continental politicians are, for the most part, utterly unacquainted with the details of domestic or foreign events, and consequently they are obliged, like the schoolmen in the Middle Ages, to amuse their leisure by discussing the tendencies and destinies of States and of society, instead of learning from day to day what is really going on in the world. England, through the agencies of her newspapers, possesses the first requisite of wisdom in knowing herself, and if the writers in the *Times* exercise over the bulk of their readers the influence which belongs to infinitely superior ability, they are precluded by their own columns of intelligence from perverting facts, although they may sometimes resort to the more intellectual weapons of sophistry. Mr. COBDEN was justly ridiculed when he preferred a number of a daily journal to the history of THUCYDIDES, but the "Constant Reader" of the *Times*, if he possesses the rare faculty of remembering what he reads, may amass in the course of years no mean amount of historical knowledge. The admirable organization under which Editors, Reporters, and Correspondents, provide Englishmen with the materials of political education, although it may be almost forgotten in the familiarity of custom, has no parallel in any other part of the world.

It is natural that the comments which accompany the daily record should be accepted by the great mass of readers as the authentic interpretation of passing events, and it would be unreasonable to expect that the keeper of the shrine should allow the oracle to give forth any uncertain sound; but politicians, whether they urge their opinions in Parliament or through the press, ought to welcome the opposition as well as the concurrence of independent judgments which may correct their own. The importer of raw material has no reasonable claim to a monopoly of the manufacture, nor are the publishers of Parliamentary reports exclusively entitled to criticise the debates. It may, perhaps, be admitted, that a newspaper without leading articles would, of itself, be more instructive than a journal without news, but there is room for both instruments of political knowledge, and it scarcely seems necessary that they should always be in juxtaposition. The existence of a review which dispenses with the customary abstract of news might fairly be quoted by the great daily journals as a proof of their own efficiency and completeness. All educated men who take an interest in public affairs, can remember at the end of the week, without the aid of a small-print summary, the facts which may serve for the subject of public discussion. No public writer in England can afford to indulge in the abstract propositions which form the staple of Continental declamation, but when events have been accurately reported, and statistics duly published, the task of explaining and analysing them is more useful than the compilation of abridgments. The Astronomer Royal has never claimed an exclusive privilege to theorize on the annual records of the Greenwich Observatory, and he would be surprised to find that every student of his science thought it necessary to construct new tables and catalogues of his own.

There is room enough for all kinds of discussion, and the most competent judges will be the first to recognise the extraordinary ability which is displayed in almost every department of English journalism. The simple annalist, the eloquent chronicler, the essayist, and the partisan, all contribute to create as well as to satisfy the interest which best becomes a cultivated freeman. The compilers of City articles would have commanded the respect of ADAM SMITH; Mr. RUSSELL'S

Indian letters display the vivid genius of FROISSART, without the gossiping credulity which naturally belonged to the fourteenth century; "Jacob Omnium," "The Thirsty Soul," "The Civilian"—one form of many names—has had no equal in his peculiar calling as the polished satirist of the minor social abuses which are embodied in established institutions. But the most difficult art in newspaper literature is that of the journalist proper, or contemporary essayist on politics. The analogy between public events and scientific discoveries is obviously imperfect, and there is a corresponding difference between learned disquisitions and leading articles. A political writer has generally a practical purpose in the establishment or application of his doctrines. It is useless to demonstrate that he is right in any particular conclusion, unless he can command the active assent of some portion of the community. Treatises on the Foundation of Government, or on the Rights of Man, are as ill-suited to newspapers as essays on the Origin of Evil. The question to be determined always assumes the concrete form of a measure which ought to be passed, or perhaps of a Minister who ought to be dismissed. In pursuance of the immediate object, it becomes necessary to anticipate the judgment of those who partially think for themselves, and to direct, if not to humour, the prejudices of the multitude. With a start of twelve hours in his knowledge of facts, the journalist must arrange them in his own mind, and present them to the world of readers next morning as they bear upon his own political system. The rapidity of conception and of decision which is often exhibited in a leading article, as compared with the leisurely speculations of a deliberate essayist, is like the extemporaneous combinations of a general in the field when contrasted with the scientific moves of a paper strategist. The exercise of the rare and peculiar faculties which characterize the successful journalist is rewarded by the consciousness of enormous influence over the opinions of the community; and it may be admitted that, on the whole, the great London newspapers make a creditable use of their power. Their conductors wander from their proper function, and misconceive their own interest when they claim for themselves a monopoly of discussion in right of their exclusive merit in the accumulation of intelligence. The daily papers, having always the first word, will certainly secure the adhesion of the great numerical majority; but there is neither reason nor justice in the demand that they should also be entitled to the last. A more deliberate estimate of public events must often tend to correct the errors of hurry and the misrepresentations which are suggested by a desire to preserve apparent consistency; and if the task of reviewing first impressions is undertaken by minds of a somewhat different constitution, the truth is more likely to be reached when it is approached from various quarters. The qualities which are proper to a Court of Appeal may be less brilliant than those which may be required in the members of the original tribunal, but the disturbing forces are less directly operative, and at the least, the question is sifted at a second hearing. Educated readers, after they have ascertained the conclusions of public opinion from those by whom it is alternately moulded and copied, not unfrequently feel a legitimate curiosity as to the private opinion which is its counterpart and frequently its converse. The convictions which are shared by the two or three hundred thousand disciples of the *Times* are generally too vague, too exaggerated, or too incomplete to suit the intellectual taste of fastidious politicians. It is possible that their craving might be satisfied if they enjoyed the privilege of access to the familiar conversation of the great public instructors; but on the whole, the division of labour which provides separate representatives for the judgment of the minority, seems to be natural and convenient. A free press acts most beneficially when controversies are carried on by disputants who are neither similarly constituted nor equally dispassionate, for the collision of characters gives a kind of dramatic interest to the conflict of opinions. There is room for the grave political philosopher at one extreme, and at the other even the professional jester sometimes throws light on a disputed question by some happy inspiration. The history of an administration which governed England for five or six years was condensed in the prophetic statement that the PREMIER was "not strong enough for the place," and many wise essayists have since expanded the theme, with the advantage of historical illustrations. The greatest sufferer from a successful attempt to exclude competition would be the triumphant monopolist. Many a preacher who now has his own way in the pulpit

would welcome the institution of some machinery of opposition, and from the era at which all rival criticism was suppressed, the reign of the dominant journal would decline until the most elaborate leading article fell upon passive and acquiescent minds as dead as a sermon.

THE CHINESE WALL BROKEN.

THE Honourable Mr. BRUCE, Secretary of Legation to our Embassy or expedition to China, is on his way to England with the treaty extorted from the prudence or fears of the authorities of that country. It would be premature to anticipate all the results of the treaty, or to decide whether we have not formed an expensive and irritating alliance. The treaty looks well on paper, authenticated with the Chinese official red stamp; but a resident ambassador at the Celestial court must be himself endowed with more than celestial wisdom, or good luck, not to get into constant embroilment with the anomalous civilization of China. The recognition of international law cannot be enforced at once. Slowly and with difficulty has the idea of international law grown up, and it is scarcely yet reduced to a science by the long and bitter conflict of European experience. It would be too much, therefore, to expect that a code which has won its difficult way through all our complications of interests and duties should at once be recognised among a people where the most fundamental principles of justice and good faith are unknown to the executive. In fact, we hardly know that there is an executive; and certainly there is neither public opinion nor an organized responsibility to which to appeal. These, however, are considerations of the future which we dismiss for the present. It is, however, impossible to shut our eyes to the difficulties of the situation. Even at the very instant of submission, the Chinese plenipotentiaries began to shuffle; and it was only by the stiff and steady contempt of the decencies of diplomacy that Lord ELGIN finally gained his point. All that we can do is to accord that highest, yet in its way negative, praise which consists in saying that our Ambassador has deserved success.

But the difficulties will not be on the Chinese side alone. The humanitarian and proselyting prejudices of home are already stimulated; and a certain public opinion in England will scarcely be satisfied unless we work the treaty for Exeter Hall purposes. The opium question, and the introduction of Protestant missionaries afford at least the seeds of evil; and a powerful party will not be satisfied unless we interfere with the domestic policy of China much as they would like to do with the ecclesiastical laws of Sweden. Free admission of all traders and preachers into the heart of China cannot be maintained without a series of aggressions on Chinese habits too serious to be welcomed with shouts of exuberant and premature exultation. Free-trade in hardware, and the doctrine of justification by faith, cannot be imposed on the iron atheism and traditional selfishness of twenty centuries without armed intervention; and we may make up our minds to the estimates always containing a formidable item for a perennial China fleet. Hitherto the ludicrous element has so largely prevailed, both in the warlike and pacific negotiations, that we may miss their serious political and social importance. This is the vice of the picturesque correspondence with which we have lately been favoured. Mr. WINGROVE COOKE'S amusing letters only play over the surface of the Chinese State; and we are as far as ever, or perhaps because we think we know something, further than ever, from grasping the slippery and faithless character of the Chinese mind. We do not yet know whether China is a despotism or an anarchy.

At any rate, it cannot be concealed that much of the facility with which the Treaty of Tien-Sin has been manipulated may be traced to the fact of the civil war. It is scarcely possible to disregard the consideration, that already the Imperial authorities look to the English and French forces as useful auxiliaries in suppressing the rebellion. China is a sick man, and invokes a foreign physician to cure his internal maladies. The EMPEROR consents to a Saxon invasion to consolidate his loosening and disjointed dependencies; and already we can foresee that the rebellion will be made a convenient plea for neglecting the provisions of the treaty. How, for example, can the important provisions about passports be carried out in the provinces held by the insurgents? We are told that the solid interests of the pacification are involved in the extinction of the rebels. If this means anything, it points unmistakably at European intervention; and, as the phrase is, we may have brought an old house about our ears if we are expected to reap the

fruits of the present treaty only by buttressing up the nodding walls of Tartar supremacy. We are as yet ignorant of the complete case; but a treaty conceded by a weak Government seldom possesses the elements of confidence or stability. The boggle at the indemnity clause looks suspicious enough; and a bond from a bankrupt debtor is scarcely a marketable or a moral security.

Apart from these considerations, all-important though they are, there is much that deserves congratulation in the success of the treaty. It is only an onward step in a natural series. The provisions conceded are not dictated by insolence, and are such as, if China were not an historical and social paralogism, would be for the benefit of human civilization. There is, we learn, nothing which would necessarily interfere with national rights. The time must come in which the brazen wall of prejudice and isolation must fall, like that of Jericho, before the trumpet tones of civilization. It is the world's law, and the experience of all history, that nations cannot be self-contained; and hitherto Chinese reciprocity has been of the most one-sided kind. China is expressing its willingness or its necessity to enter into the great comity of nations, and it must pay its admission fees into the brotherhood of mankind. The treaty of Tien-Sin is a substantial advance on that of Nankin, and fifteen years hence we may look for another and a more enlightened chapter in Chinese annals. But it is only gradually that the Chinese can be made by experience to understand the occidental good faith and honour. Like other virtues, they can only be learned by practice and experience; and the beauty of celestial holiness must be illustrated by honesty in action. Much has been gained by discarding the diplomatic amenities; and Lord ELGIN has done wisely in ignoring the special subtleties and refinements of his art. The shallow resources of European craft would have been childish in the presence of consummate masters of the arts of chicanery and duplicity; and the last argument of kings superseded the preliminary flourishes of the duel. It is something that China has been taught a lesson in the school of simple facts; and while we value at its worth the optional interchange of embassies, the kernel of the treaty is to be found in the opening of the ports and the regulation of transit and import duties. Nor is the suppression of the insulting character which has hitherto stigmatized foreigners as barbarians, though this, perhaps, had only its old Greek signification, without its grave consequences. China can understand this, and the realms of night must tremble in their darkest abysses when it is found that Europeans are to be treated and designated as equals. Words, only they have no words in China, are the signs of ideas; and the suppression of the Chinese *I* is as important in a Sinologue's mind as the *Ego* in that of a German metaphysician. The recognition of the English language as of parallel authority in all diplomatic intercourse will also cut off the hydra-heads of convenient misconceptions, while the personal recognition of the treaty by the EMPEROR strikes at the very root of the complications introduced by the system of delegated and unauthorized pacifications which were systematically disowned when the pressure at the outposts was relaxed. Much, however, will depend upon the prudence of individuals, of merchants, and missionaries especially, not, by greediness or hot zeal, to anticipate what must be a slow growth. If China is not preoccupied by any religious system which is mixed up with the moral sense of the people, it must be remembered that it is utterly without a moral sense, and that the seed sown on the stony rock fared as badly as that which fell among tares. If we introduce our preachers, they must be content with being the heralds first of natural religion. Christianity does not enter China for the first time. The people have never been fanatically prejudiced against it; they are only morally and socially incapable of understanding it; and it remains for the missionaries, who must be men of a very different stamp from the pious cobbler school of tract-scatterers, to recommend the Gospel on a large and well-considered scheme. There is at any rate now an occasion for trying the depth and staple, not of our zeal, about which there can be no question, but of our Christian philosophy. One thing alone is certain, that Christians unattached, and the desultory and conflicting actions of individuals, will be impotent against the old Devil worshippers; and it must be by something else than confutation, and denunciation, and disproof that the Cross is to be planted in China. Practically there is nothing to confute; and if there is, as there must be in every form of humanity, some element of truth and right, it must be accepted and built upon.

THE RAILWAY CONFERENCES.

THE duty of living in peace and amity is seldom thoroughly appreciated by combatant nations until the exhaustion of war has made reconciliation necessary to their existence. The law which brings the conflicts of kingdoms to an end is equally operative in cases of commercial rivalry; and we shall do no injustice to the managers of Railway Companies if we ascribe the amiable spirit which seems to animate them at present to the depletion which they have suffered as the consequence of their mutual competition. Weakness has made them unusually magnanimous, and unless a revival of traffic should interrupt the pacific negotiations which are now going on, it is possible that an effectual check may be imposed on the reckless rivalry which has annihilated so large a proportion of their legitimate profits. Should the idea which has been broached at the Euston Conferences be fully carried out, shareholders may reckon on receiving the dividends, whatever they may be, which their railways are capable of earning, and the public must give up the occasional luxury of travelling at the expense of the Companies who have hitherto been kind enough to accommodate them regardless of cost. If the only effect of the proposed combination of Railway Companies were to prevent such absurd follies as travelling to Manchester and back for five shillings a head, there would be no reason to regard the movement with jealousy. It is certainly not the interest of the public to impoverish and disable the Companies on which they must depend for their means of locomotion. The loss sustained during a period of brisk competition will always be made up, if possible, by extra charges and dangerous parsimony when the excitement of the war is over; and even if our pockets do not suffer in the long run, we shall assuredly pay for the pleasure of sometimes travelling for nothing, or almost nothing, by diminished comfort and increased risk at other times. A Company which is paying nothing to its shareholders cannot be expected to introduce costly improvements, and until railway dividends are brought up to a remunerative average, we may be quite sure that the highest possible amount of safety and convenience will never be attained. Liberal management and ruinous competition cannot both prevail, and the public will certainly gain more by having the duties of Railway Companies effectually performed, than by being allowed to travel now and then a hundred and fifty miles for half-a-crown.

But the project which is now under discussion by the principal Railway Companies goes far beyond a mere convention against excessive competition. The resolutions passed at the meeting recently held at the Euston Hotel would, if carried out, be nearly equivalent, in their bearing upon the public, to an actual amalgamation of all the Railway Companies in the kingdom. Eighteen Companies, possessing an aggregate capital of more than 150,000,000*l.*, were represented at the meeting; and several others have since given in their accession. Delegates from the North-Western, the Great Northern, and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Companies met at the same board, and concurred in the same resolutions. The once pugnacious but now feeble Great Western joined in the peaceful movement. The North British and the Caledonian forgot their recent conflict, and took part in the conference. Thus all the most hostile interests were represented, and if these can be brought into accord, there will practically be an end of competition altogether. Competition, as it has been carried on, has confessedly not worked well; but while its abuse has proved injurious to shareholders without being beneficial to the public, it is not quite clear that universal combination will be an unmixed good. Is it for the public interest to divide the country into two camps—to have, on the one side, the Railway Interest, acting as one body, with all the power that an enormous capital and an absolute monopoly can give, and on the other the public, utterly powerless to obtain any concession which may not be thought conducive to the general advantage of the Companies? The success of the present movement would place the country absolutely at the mercy of the Railway Federation—a position which could only be tolerable if the general interests were in every particular identical with the interests of shareholders. To a great extent this is so, but we can imagine many contingencies in which the proposed despotism would be very oppressive. The very first resolution which the delegates passed indirectly recognised the existence of some antagonism between the Companies and their customers. It was agreed that “Railway fares ought to be fixed so as to realize the largest amount of profits, due regard being had to the interests of the public.”

The qualifying words we have italicised are obviously mere

claptrap; for, as every dispute about fares is intended (pursuant to another resolution) to be submitted to arbitration between the rival Companies, it is clear that the public interests would be in no way represented, and that if they clashed with the policy of the Federation, they would assuredly go to the wall. Take, for example, the case of a town situated within the recognised district of Company A, and accommodated with a circuitous system of branch lines, on which proportionally high fares are charged. Another Company, B, we will suppose, has, by invading the territory of its neighbour, reached the same place by a shorter road. How would railway arbitrators, with their natural prejudice in favour of holding each Company supreme in its own district, decide a dispute as to fares in such a case? We suspect that they would select the rate most remunerative to the old Company, rather than the lower rate of the interloper, and that the public would thus be made to pay more than a fair price in order to discourage encroachments from one railway district upon another. We are quite content that each Railway Company should charge such fares as are most remunerative to itself, as it has been abundantly proved that an excessively high rate cannot be imposed without leading to a diminution of profit. But it might very well happen that a rate higher than would answer the purpose of the Company possessing the shortest line might be fixed in the interest of other Companies, and the security against overcharges would be lost, unless each Company were allowed to adjust its own fares to the circumstances of its own line.

But it is not merely in its direct operation on fares that the system of compulsory arbitration could work injuriously to the public. It may be presumed that the owners of existing railways would steadily set their faces against schemes for adding to the accommodation at present afforded. If the short road to Dover, which has just been sanctioned by Parliament, could not have been undertaken without the approval of railway arbitrators, we should have been compelled to travel by the circuitous route of the South Eastern to the end of time. Whether it is intended that disputes between contiguous Companies about the construction of new branches shall be included among the differences to be referred to arbitration, is not very clear; but the terms of the resolution are wide, and, indeed, unless such direct acts of hostility were controlled by the new machinery, the federal union would be in some danger of coming to an early dissolution. As the law now stands, Railway Companies have very little power of binding themselves by traffic arrangements, or by submissions to arbitration. Any such combination as is now projected is regarded as contrary to public policy, and therefore, void, and nothing can come of the Euston resolutions without an Act of Parliament to give them binding efficacy.

It will, therefore, be in the power of the Legislature to protect the interests of the public from invasion, and by granting, to a limited extent, the authorities which the Companies require, in order to carry out their scheme, it is possible that the mischief of internecine competition may be prevented without exposing the public to the tyranny of a monster combination, such as the Euston delegates appear to contemplate. That some arrangement of this nature should be effected seems really the only hope for Railway Shareholders, and they at least will be wise to give every encouragement and support to the conciliatory policy which is just now in favour with their leaders. No one can say how long this pacific temper may last; and if the present Conferences should prove abortive, they may, perchance, not be renewed until dividends have almost entirely disappeared. The Bill which is now in preparation, to embody the views of the assenting Companies, is likely enough to contain clauses more extensive than can be safely conceded. But notwithstanding the strength of the railway interest in the House of Commons, the Legislature has not generally yielded too readily to its demands, and it may probably still be trusted to secure the public against any material injury, and, at the same time, to assist the efforts which are being made to introduce more harmony into the relations of the members of the railway republic, and to relieve them from the ruinous effects of a wasteful competition.

THE NEWSPAPER STAMP RETURN.

THE *Saturday Review* has little reason to complain of the recently published return of stamps issued to newspapers. We should be hard to please if we were not satisfied with the light thrown on the comparative progress of ourselves

and our weekly contemporaries; and we are glad to have official verification of the fact, which some changes in our arrangements compelled us at the time to announce in general terms, that our circulation about doubled in the course of 1857. Yet it is certain that this Journal, with others resembling it in character, suffers from a fallacy which pervades this Return. The circulation of a newspaper or of a Review, classed technically with newspapers, consists partly in the portion of its issue which is conveyed to its readers by post, and partly in that which is distributed through the medium of news-agents and railways. But the proportion which these two parts of the circulation bear to each other is as far as possible from being the same for all journals. The daily newspaper (the penny prints excepted) passes probably through the post to a very much greater extent than the weekly journal, especially when the latter is literary or semi-literary in its character. The reason is obvious. The appetite for news is universal, but the taste for political and, of course, for literary discussion, exists chiefly under special conditions. The *Saturday Review*, and other periodicals in which news is subordinate to discussion, circulate most extensively in the great centres of intelligence, which are naturally supplied much less through the post-office than by the activity of the newspaper-agent, and by the assistance of the railway. Our own case illustrates this. The Return gives the *Saturday Review* 21,000 stamps for the last quarter of 1857. This is considerably less than one-third of our actual circulation. In fact, a very large portion of the copies which are unrepresented in the Return were sold in London itself.

It is to be noted, too, that the Return does not even describe with accuracy the proportion of the circulation which passes through the post-office. It merely gives the number of impressed stamps purchased of the Government, but, of course, says nothing of adhesive stamps which, for postal purposes, are as useful to newspapers as the impressed. No doubt, this omission is immaterial as respects some journals. It is probable that, when the alteration in the stamp-law took place, the older London newspapers simply ceased to stamp that portion of their issue which was circulated by the railways or by the metropolitan news-agents. But journals which have been founded since the change may have adopted very different machinery of distribution, and accident or convenience may well have induced them to prefer the adhesive to the impressed stamp. It may be suspected that something of this sort occurs with the penny press. There may have been some exaggeration in the reports which have been current as to the great circulation of particular cheap newspapers, but it is impossible that the distance between the truth and the rumour can be anything like that which seems to be indicated by the Stamp Returns. The fact no doubt is that the penny journals are chiefly circulated by hand, but that, when they use the post-office, they principally avail themselves of the adhesive stamp. The new Return, in short, is so ludicrously incomplete that one cannot help speculating as to the motives of the gentleman who put the country to the expense of printing it. It rather baffles than gratifies curiosity, and, except through a transient misapprehension, it cannot be of the slightest use to any vested monopoly. We think it important to state our conviction that, if such Returns continue to be issued, they will offer considerable encouragement to some very sharp practice. The figures just published, as they were not looked for, are probably honest, so far as they go; but those of future returns are likely to wear a different complexion. Everybody familiar with the mechanism of newspapers must be aware that it is comparatively easy to force a stamped circulation—that is, to increase the portion of the issue which is conveyed by post at the expense of that which is distributed by other methods. That tricks of this sort will be practised is rendered certain by the fact that similar dexterity was not unusual under the old system, though the difficulties were infinitely greater. Curiously enough, the new Return proves that, at the time when every copy bore a stamp, certain London newspapers were in the habit of purchasing quantities of stamps which they did not need, simply for the purpose of swelling the annual return. Supposing that no future revelations would be made, they have been recently using up their old accumulations, and the result is, that during 1857 their purchases of stamps were quite insignificant.

A broader question remains behind, and we are happy that our own position in the Return enables us to propound it without danger of misconstruction. What sort of right has Parliament to call for such a return as this? Even under

the old stamp-law, these publications always appeared to us to be monstrous. Just conceive the application of such a system to any other form of commercial enterprise. An exact parallel would be the Government's taking upon itself to publish the income-tax returns of all the mercantile houses in London, Liverpool, or Manchester. Could any plan be devised more efficacious for producing utter commercial stagnation, for stifling the beginnings of enterprise, for converting temporary decline into utter ruin, for paralysing competition, and for creating a virtual monopoly in favour of those who happened to be for the moment at the top of the tree? Yet what would have been an intolerable injustice to merchant, manufacturer, or banker used to be annually perpetrated by the House of Commons on a whole class of capitalists interested in the most sensitive of business undertakings. Parliament has not now the means of inflicting so great a wrong, but though the effect is less pernicious, the act itself seems to us to be considerably worse. Formerly, newspapers might perhaps have been regarded as having, in virtue of the stamp, a sort of license or privilege from the State, which may or may not have justified it in subjecting them to an exceptional publicity. But at the present moment, they are mere dealers with the Government. They purchase from it certain postal facilities in exchange for hard money paid down, and the Government, in violation of the implied contract, chooses to print its accounts with its customers. If Messrs. W. H. SMITH, the great railway news-agents, were to publish a return of the newspapers they sell, or if Messrs. LINDSAY and Co., or Messrs. GREEN and Co., were to write to the *Times* a detailed account of all shipments effected on board their vessels by London merchants, the outrage on common sense and common decency would hardly be greater. We trust that there is sufficient sense of justice in Members of Parliament to prevent such a return being again obtained by a covert vote. Unfortunately, little attention will be called to the matter by the press. The newspapers favoured by the return are mostly unwilling to give up their advantage. Those who suffer from it avoid it as a painful subject. It is just possible that, if the figures did not show that, even in 1857, the *Saturday Review* had gone far to distance the journals with which it immediately competes, we should show less alacrity in grappling with the question. But whatever might have been our course under other circumstances, we take leave, as it is, to denounce the Newspaper-Stamp Return as a humbug and a fraud.

OLD JOKES.

A VERY curious book might be compiled, and one highly illustrative of English manners, if a good collection or chronological arrangement were made of the jokes which have had currency and repute in successive generations. A modern edition of *Joe Miller* has tacked on about a thousand jokes to the few that have really descended to us from that illustrious man. But unfortunately these additional jokes are put together without any order, so that a joke made by Samuel Rogers precedes one made by Foote, and we cannot be sure that we are right in associating each joke in the collection with any particular school of manners. The first edition of *Joe Miller* was printed in 1739, and to those in the secret the best joke in the book was perhaps the title-page, which attributed the jokes to the man whose name they bear. It is said that Miller, who was a comic actor, was in the habit of spending his afternoons at the "Black Jack," a public-house near Clare Market, and that, whenever a good story was repeated in the company, it was accounted a stroke of wit to attribute it to Miller, who was a remarkably grave and taciturn man. It was such a comical idea that Joe Miller could be guilty of retailing a joke, that his friends assigned to him all the funny things they could remember; and when Mr. Motley, a dramatist of the day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town, the name of Joe Miller was prefixed to them. This original collection only contained 198 jests, while the modern volume contains upwards of 1200. It is striking how nearly on an average the goodness of the jokes keeps throughout the collection, and how very closely the ordinary fun of men sticks to a set of stock subjects. The collector certainly does not give the really good things of modern times, and perhaps he has been equally unfair to the older jesters. But there are not above twenty jokes in the whole collection that can be called really good. The rest turn chiefly on the mistakes of Irishmen, the thriftlessness of sailors, the simple resource of calling one's opponent an ass, and on the hackneyed themes of matrimony, parsons, and lawyers. In the real *Joe Miller* there is indeed an artless simplicity which has perished in later times. We have a taste of this antique naïveté in such anecdotes as that which records that "an arch wag" of St. John's College asked a man of the same College, who was a great sloven, why he would not read a certain author called Go-clenius; and in that of a "lady who had married a gentleman that was a tolerable poet," and who, when asking

him to write her epitaph, suggested that he should begin "Here lies Bid"—to which he answered,—"Ah! I wish she did." This "arch wag" and this "tolerable poet" certainly carry us back to a past era, but the great mass of the jokes are neither simple nor subtle, neither good nor bad. Any one in decent practice might add to the list on a very short notice, and every week *Punch* has one or two which are not at all inferior.

This vast string of jokes makes us feel what an awful bore a professed joker is. That he is now recognised as such, and has been finally scouted from good society, is one of the few points in which we can be sure that the growth of civilization has been an unqualified gain. It happens that for two pages of the modern *Joe Miller* the jokes of a wretch named Derrick are strung together; and the collection enables us to realize how great was the tyranny which a man of that kind exercised over the clique that was misguided enough to tolerate him. The following may be taken as a sample:—"At a private masquerade, Derrick appeared in the character of a cook, and being met by Lord —, was desired to dress a couple of pork chops. "Sir," replied Derrick, "as you are the only hog in company, I must beg leave to cut them from your carcase." Again, we read that a talkative man was boasting that he had been instructed by Quin in the art of speaking. "Sir," said Derrick, "this company would have thought themselves more highly obliged to that gentleman had he taught you the art of holding your tongue." Nor was this coarse brutality, when he dared to offend, much more repulsive than his *fade* and laboured gallantry when he wished to please. A lady of fashion and beauty inveighing against smugglers, Derrick interrupted her by saying, "Hold, madam! be not too severe. I believe it will be found that the blackness of your crimes far exceeds theirs: the people you are railing against smuggle only a few common goods, for which they run the risk of losing their lives; but you, without any danger to yourself, absolutely have smuggled the affections of every person in Bath." Let us be thankful that if in modern society the race of Derriks is not quite extinct, it is, at any rate, kept in some sort of subordination.

There is also a kind of joke which has passed away, and the wonder is how it can ever have existed, so elaborate as it is, and requiring to be supported by such complicated machinery. In the real *Joe Miller* collection, for instance, we read that "a gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings, and one being put upon his plate, he found it smell so strong that he could not eat a bit of it; but he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering with it, and then took up the plate, and put it to his own ear. The gentleman, at whose table he was, inquiring into the meaning, he told him, that he had a brother lost at sea about a fortnight ago, and he was asking that fish if he knew anything of him. And what answer made he? said the gentleman. He told me, said he, that he could give me no account of him, for he had not been at sea these three weeks." Now let us fancy this in real life. We see a man whispering over his plate, and if we suppose that in politeness we pass over the action as simply idiotic, the whole joke is irretrievably lost. But we are kind enough to inquire what he means. His answer is wholly enigmatic. The natural rejoinder would be to ask what on earth he was driving at, but the convenient gentleman of the story inquires what the fish which he sees cooked on his friend's plate has been saying, and this affords the jester an opening to come to his point, and to hint that the fish is stale. So too we are told that "An Englishman going into one of the French ordinaries in Soho, and finding a large dish of soup with about half-a-pound of mutton in the middle of it, began to pull off his wig, his stock, and then his coat; at which one of the monsieurs, being much surprised, asked him what he was going to do? Why, Monsieur, said he, I mean to strip, that I may swim through this ocean of porridge, to yon little island of mutton." Let us suppose that nobody had noticed the man after he had got off his wig, stock, and coat, and that the "monsieurs" had quietly consumed the island of mutton, the miserable jester, instead of discomfiting the Frenchmen with a joke, would simply have had to re-dress, and lose his dinner. Whether such jokes were ever ventured on in real life it is hard to say. The extreme absurdity of the joker's position if his joke hung fire, and the probability that in the majority of cases it would hang fire, seem such obvious considerations, that we can hardly understand any one overlooking them. It is, however, possible that the public may have been trained to appreciate and assist such jokers, for these jests are said to have been favoured by persons whose countenance was sure to command respect and provoke imitation. It is related of James I., that on one of his progresses he asked "How far it was to such a town? They told him six miles and a half. He alighted out of his coach, and went under the shoulder of one of the led horses. When some asked his Majesty what he meant? I must stalk, for yonder town is shy, and flies me." An absurd king can make absurdity fashionable; and if subjects see their sovereign stalking under the shoulder of a led horse, they need not be ashamed of whispering to putrid fish, or taking off their coat to get at the meat in a basin of soup.

From the earliest to the latest jokers the two themes of the evils of matrimony and the failings of parsons have proved inexhaustibly fruitful. However dearly a man may love his own wife, and however ardently he may wish to go to the grave with her hand in hand, he is sure to relish a joke against wives in general. All the old jokes assume as an incontestable basis of

wit that husbands are heartily tired of their wives, and as women either do not make such broad jokes, or do not succeed in getting them recorded, all the jokes are against the party of the wives and for the party of the husbands. It is always taken for granted that it is the husbands who lose by and suffer in matrimony, and who feel an unaffected and unconcealed delight when the death of their incumbence sets them free. We have many stories like that which relates how "in a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried. But, as ill-luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge, that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after, she died in reality; and, as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out, 'Not too near the hedge, not too near the hedge, neighbours.'" So in the *Joe Miller* collection we read that "a wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out at his return that she was dead, and had been buried. In the meantime, she had so placed herself in disguise as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the gay, inconstant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprised; a person by said, 'Why, sir, you seem more afraid now than before! Ay, replied he, most men are more afraid of a living wife than of a dead one.'" There would be something quite shocking in the uniformity with which men are represented as wishing their wives dead, and we might be profoundly touched with the misery of the human race, if we did not recollect that all persons are apt to joke on the serious side of their common life, partly because the contrast between the idea which suggests the solemnity and the fact itself is often so striking, and still more because they like to hide most closely those feelings which are the most precious to them, but which, as being most common, are most easily guessed.

So, too, with parsons. However firmly they may be attached to their church and their clergyman, most men like to meet on the pleasant neutral ground of laughing at a parson. And not only the laity, but clergymen also, often even the preachers themselves, agree in thinking sermons fair targets for all the shafts of ridicule. This sentiment is broadly expressed in a story reported by *Joe Miller* of "a parson preaching a tiresome sermon on happiness or bliss; when he had done, a gentleman told him he had forgot one sort of happiness: Happy are they that did not hear your sermon." *Joe Miller* has also another story. "A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? Oh! said he, I belong to another parish." The feeling against parsons cannot, however, be so strong as that against wives, for occasionally the parson is allowed to come off triumphant, and have the best of the story. We read, for instance, that "The witty and licentious Earl of Rochester meeting with the great Isaac Barrow in the Park, told his companions that he would have some fun with the rusty old put. Accordingly, he went up with great gravity, and, taking off his hat, made the doctor a profound bow, saying, Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie. The doctor, seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with My lord, I am yours to the ground. Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, Doctor, I am yours to the centre. Barrow, with a very lowly obeisance, replied, My lord, I am yours to the Antipodes. His lordship, nearly gravelled, exclaimed, Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell. There, my lord, said Barrow, sarcastically, I leave you; and walked off." And, as might be expected when the transition from the preacher to the thing preached on is so easy, these stories too often border on profanity, and become mere centres of insipid irreverence. There are, however, exceptions; and there is a drollery about the following story which will perhaps warrant its being quoted. It is said that "A vicar and curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The vicar not coming in time, the curate began the service, and was reading the words, 'I am the resurrection,' when the vicar arrived, almost out of breath, and, snatching the book out of the curate's hands, with great scorn, cried, You the resurrection! 'I am the resurrection'—and then went on."

Of Irish jokes there are abundance, and it may be observed that the joke is too often based on a mere headlong misuse of language, as when an Irish newspaper having printed "Her Grace the Duke of Dorset of a son," begged the next day to correct it into "His Grace the Duchess." Unless Irish jokes are of this sort, they generally turn on the contrast between an apparent possibility and an actual impossibility. For instance, we read that "An Irishman some years ago, attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons: the flute-player informed him that he generally charged two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second. Then, by my soul, replied the Hibernian, I'll begin the second month!" Here the joke turns upon its being apparently as easy to begin learning the flute one month as another; and if these jokes have really been made by Irishmen, it is difficult to suppose that the quickness which lit upon this kind of contrast was always accidental and unconscious. Probably the

Irish pupil was as much tickled with the notion of beginning the second month as the Englishman who recorded it, and thought it so very Irish. Of the jokes in this collection that cannot be classed under any particular head, the best are, of course, a few well-known stories of Foote, Johnson, and Sheridan, although from such sources much better and many more stories might have been obtained. Sometimes among the mass of mediocre jokes borrowed from persons unknown or unmentioned, we come across one which has something in it of richer and broader fun. We may mention the following: "One meeting an old acquaintance, whom the world had frowned upon a little, asked him, Where he lived? Where do I live? said he; I don't know; but I starve down towards Wapping and that way." There is a great deal of fun in saying "down towards Wapping," and adding "and that way," as if starving was recognised as a definite but vagrant occupation. There is also a liveliness in the anecdote of the gentleman who, when crossing the water, wanted to learn the price of coals, and hailed one of the labourers at work in a collier with "Well, Paddy, how are coals?" To which the labourer cheerfully replied, "Black as ever, your honour." We will end our notice by extracting a few stories which rise a little above the average; and if they are old to many of our readers, they will not perhaps be so to all.

When Mr. Hankey was in vogue as a great banker, a sailor had, as part of his pay, a draft on him for fifty pounds. This the sailor thought an immense sum, and calling at the house, insisted upon seeing the master in private. This was at length acceded to; and when the banker and the sailor met together, the following conversation ensued. Sailor: Mr. Hankey, I've got a tickler for you—didn't like to expose you before the lads.—Hankey: That was kind. Pray, what's this tickler?—Sailor: Never mind, don't be afraid, I won't hurt you; 'tis a fifty.—Hankey: Ah! that's a tickler, indeed.—Sailor: Don't fret; give me five pounds now, and the rest at so much a week, I shan't mention it to anybody.

I will save you a thousand pounds, said an Irishman to an old gentleman, if you don't stand in your own light. How? You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand as a marriage portion. I do, sir. I will take her with nine thousand.

An old lady meeting a Cambridge man, asked him, How her nephew behaved himself? Truly, madam, says he, he's a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall—[name of a college]. I vow, said she, I feared as much; he was always hankering after the girls from a boy.

A father, exhorting his son to early rising, related a story of a person who, early one morning, found a large purse of money. Well, replied the youth, but the person who lost it rose earlier.

An Irishman lately arriving in London, and passing through Broad Street, observed a glass globe, containing some fine large gold fish. He exclaimed—And sure, this is the first time in my life that I have seen live red herrings.

A gentleman who loved everything that was foreign, and was extremely fond of hard names, dining at a friend's house, asked him, What the name of the wine was, of which he had just drunk a glass at table? His friend, knowing that it was but indifferent, and recollecting that he had bought it at Stocks Market, told him, it was the true Stoko Marketto; upon which he found the wine excellent, and gave it great encomiums.

INDIA.

TWO successful engagements are reported in the latest intelligence from India, in which the divisions under General Roberts and General Sir J. Hope Grant respectively distinguished themselves. It appears that, in each case, a marked advantage was secured. Both the English commanders inflicted severe loss, if not total discomfiture, upon their opponents, and at a very small sacrifice of their own troops. As yet, we are not in a position to appreciate exactly the bearing of these affairs upon the general position of the combatants. It is certain, however, that so wise a commander as Lord Clyde would not have sanctioned operations in the field, in the middle of the hot season, unless to secure objects of paramount importance; and it is satisfactory to perceive that the system of warfare adopted at the outset by the Commander-in-Chief has been steadily persevered in, and that the most valuable results have been obtained without any needless sacrifice of the soldiers employed in the operations. The present state of the contest, and the condition of our military resources in India, completely justify the course which has been followed in combating the insurrection. The mutineers have been signally defeated on every point, and notwithstanding the vast amount of work that has been done, our troops are strong in numbers and efficiency. And the contest is obviously approaching its termination. It may now indeed be doubted whether the English armies will, in any part of the disaffected provinces, have to encounter an organized resistance such as was offered on many points a few months ago. But though the mutineers have been defeated and dispersed, much remains to be done to accomplish the final pacification of India. Still there is, beyond all doubt, a great improvement in the political and military situation.

The capture of Delhi and the fall of Lucknow failed to realize the sanguine expectations which, in some quarters, had been entertained. Valuable as those successes were in every point of view, they did not lead to such complete results as had been looked for. The rebels remained in the field, and preserved a certain degree of discipline and organization. The last few months have operated a remarkable change in their position. The rebellion has lost cohesion. The rebels have been driven from the strong places which they had occupied; the capital cities of the disturbed provinces have been successively reduced; and in many important districts the authority of Government has been completely restored. The arrival of the hot season, as well as the fatigues which the soldiers had undergone, led the

Commander-in-Chief to refrain for the moment from operations in the field—except when an imperative necessity demanded the display of troops in districts where our communications were threatened, or where there seemed some danger that the insurrection might spread into provinces which had hitherto been free from it. There has necessarily therefore been a suspension, to a great extent, of military movements, but it must not be inferred on that account that the work is yet completed, or that it would be wise to lessen our efforts, or to diminish the forces employed in the struggle. The prospect is no doubt, upon the whole, a favourable one. But the work of pacification will require time as well as the constant employment of considerable bodies of European troops. It might have been expected that more complete results would have followed the signal successes of our arms, and that we should not now have to lament that, in many of our provinces, and some of them among the longest under our sway, the authority of the Government is still but imperfectly re-established. Of the fact, however, there is unhappily but little doubt. The explanation of it is to be found in the peculiar circumstances of the insurrection, and in the character which it has at length unmistakably assumed.

So long as there were large fortified cities to make for, and so long as there were accumulated treasures by which the mutinous regiments could be paid, it was natural enough that the latter should keep together in large bodies and preserve a regular military organization. At Delhi, the mutinous Sepoys seemed to be the chief actors and the originators of the insurrectionary movement. Their importance gradually diminished as one strong place after another fell before the valour of the British troops. The Sepoys soon began to play a secondary part. They ceased to keep together in large bodies; their organization disappeared; they became absorbed into bands of insurgents, ready to serve any native chief who could pay them, and to plunder wherever they could do so with impunity. As the importance of the Sepoys in the revolutionary struggle diminished, that of the insurgent chiefs increased. The change was not the less marked for being gradual. The English Generals had no longer to deal with large bodies of regular troops, or to make preparation for long and laborious sieges. The resistance to be encountered was of a different, but perhaps of a scarcely less serious character. The spirit of feudalism, always an essential element of society, which had slumbered, but which had never died out, even in the oldest of our provinces, had been roused, and was now arrayed against us. The Sepoys, broken up into small bodies, joined the standards of insurgent chiefs, and though no longer a formidable enemy in themselves, they became dangerous from the extent to which the insurrection had now spread. Most of them followed the chiefs of their native provinces, the consequence of which has been that large tracts, previously undisturbed, have suddenly become the scene of irregular warfare, accompanied by pillage and incendiarism. Whenever any of these Sepoys arrived in a disaffected district, an insurgent movement at once took place; and it may be observed that these things have happened even in our oldest provinces, and that the rebellion has often met with the sympathy of populations that have been longest under our rule. It is indisputable that in Behar, on both sides of the Ganges, the feeling of the population is as hostile to us as it is in the recently annexed kingdom of Oude. The arrival of a scattered remnant of fugitive mutineers is sufficient to awaken the sympathy of the population. In a few days the police disappears, the jails are broken, the Government establishment plundered, and it becomes necessary to hurry forward a military force to prevent the devastation of the country, and to chastise the insurgents. This is precisely the history of the events that have occurred in Behar, where disturbances first broke out in consequence of the presence of some of the fugitives from the force defeated at Azimghur by Sir E. Lugard.

Nor is Behar an exceptional case. There are other provinces where similar dangers may be anticipated, and which must be guarded against. For this purpose a considerable number of European troops will be indispensable, at all events for some time to come, if we would avert the danger of a devastating guerilla warfare in some of the fairest regions of the Indian Peninsula. It will be necessary to station European detachments in places where, of late years, they have been seldom seen; for it is but too clear that, even in the countries acquired long ago, we cannot count on the loyalty of the population. We must make and keep up a certain demonstration of power in territories where, two years ago, there would have been no doubt of universal and absolute tranquillity. This blind confidence led the Indian Government to depart from its former system of garrisons, and the military posts were weakened. Formerly, the whole valley of the Ganges was held by strong brigades of native troops, with a fair proportion of European regiments. When the Punjab was conquered, the British troops were sent up in great force to the newly-acquired territories, garrisons being required for Peshawur and Rawul Pindee; and at last there was left only one European regiment between Calcutta and Meerut, which was removed to Lucknow from Cawnpore on the annexation of Oude.

Under present circumstances it is clear therefore that the great stations on the Ganges must be held with considerable strength. The population, it would seem, have not the disposition, even if they had the means, to resist the incursions of marauders and insurgents. Native troops there are none remaining, and therefore a large proportion of the European army

will be required for this duty. The condition of these provinces is greatly altered since last year. Small detachments of European soldiers in the great towns sufficed to maintain the communications of the army with Calcutta, and to ensure the safety of British residents. But the Sepoys were then concentrated in large masses, and the insurrection was confined to a limited area, where it assumed the proportions and features of regular war. Now, however, these provinces are exposed to the incursions of the defeated and desperate mutineers, willing, as we have seen, to rally round any native chief for the sake of immediate pay or plunder. In order to secure the tranquillity of the old provinces, as well as of those which have been yet more implicated, it will be necessary to employ no inconsiderable fraction of the European army in India, at the same time that great efforts will have to be made to complete the subjugation of Oude. Whether in a political or military point of view, there can be no object of higher importance than to prevent the spread of insurrection and disorder in these vast and wealthy provinces. It may be that in a few months matters will mend more rapidly, but, in the mean time, common prudence requires that there should be ample means placed at the disposal of the military authorities in India.

In the above remarks it has been our object to point out what, in our view, are the main characteristics of the present situation of India. Although it will be admitted that, upon the whole, matters have improved rapidly, yet enough has been said to show that great caution and incessant vigilance are required to effect the pacification of the country. Nor must it be forgotten that, although signal defeats have been inflicted on the enemy, much remains to be done in Oude and in Bundelcund. That the conquest of both will be undertaken and successfully accomplished in the next campaign, we entertain not the slightest doubt. Till Oude is subdued, its fortresses dismantled, and its inhabitants disarmed, we cannot be certain that the insurrection is finally put down. Though Lucknow has fallen, we must not expect to see our authority over the native mind restored so long as there remain examples of rebellion conducted with impunity, if not with success, by native chiefs, and whilst we are unable to collect the revenue in lands which we profess to call our own. As the inhabitants of Oude are connected by the ties of religion and race with the populations of our older provinces, we can scarcely expect that the allegiance of the latter will be secured till the rebellion of the former has been completely crushed. With respect to Bundelcund, active measures will be required to restore order there, though the condition of that district has, perhaps, somewhat less bearing on the state of the population in our other provinces, as the same sympathy of race does not exist as in the case of Oude. The matter, however, though not of such immediate and paramount importance as the occupation of Oude, is of considerable gravity in itself, and will furnish occupation for a strong force. Again, the state of Rohilcund, according to the latest accounts, is not such as to justify the withdrawal of a single European soldier. Thus it will be seen that, with the services that are required of the army, there is no superfluity of resources at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief for the ensuing campaign. The area over which the European army is spread is necessarily very large, and though our forces in India would be more than sufficient to destroy any armies that Asia could bring together, they are not too numerous for the present requirements of India. A large number will be absolutely necessary to prevent disturbances in provinces which are still pervaded by a restless and uneasy feeling, whilst it will require skilfully combined movements and unceasing economy of men to effect the complete reduction of those hostile territories which have as yet been but partially subjugated.

THE CLERGY PAINTED BY THEMSELVES.

THE *Clerical Directory* is an alphabetical catalogue of the clergy of the Church of England compiled in a very curious way. As a specimen of the art of getting a class newspaper into circulation it merits a description. There is a newspaper, dedicated, we believe, to concerns purely clerical, called the *Clerical Journal*; and the proprietors of this journal bethought themselves of the clever and ingenious device of getting the clergy to interest themselves in it by asking them to photograph themselves widely in its columns. A schedule in blank was, it seems, forwarded to every British parson, with a request that he would fill in the particulars of his birth, parentage, and education, his academic and ecclesiastical successes and exchanges, the various curacies and preferments which he had held, his income, and his literary productions. An opportunity so tempting for the clerical mind and man to picture themselves under the best lights was of course generally taken advantage of. "The dignitaries and clergy of the Church generally," we are assured, "lent their cordial aid to this great undertaking" of drawing their own portraits, and for several years the *Clerical Journal* has contained, every week, a gallery of ecclesiastical notables, which not a little resembles the *Stud Book*, or *Dorling's Card* for the races. All these scattered notices have been reprinted into a single large volume, which is published under the name of the *Clerical Directory*. It is a huge, heterogeneous, chaotic book, without form or order. The names are not reduced to alphabetical order, but occur higgledy-piggledy, or, as the compilers say of the *Directory*, "it was necessary to print the materials in an unar-

ranged form, name by name, as fast as they could be obtained." The only guide through this wilderness is an index, which, if you have to seek for the life and fortunes of the Rev. John Smith, is tedious enough to hunt through. Commenced in 1855, it drags down its tedious disconnectedness to 1858, utterly unarranged and unsystematic. It does not pretend to be posted up to the date of publication, and though the title-page bears the date of the present year, Monck is still Bishop of Gloucester, and Mr. Villiers Rector of Bloomsbury. Its material and mechanical faults, however, are not so remarkable as its moral inconcinnity. Of the eighteen thousand clergy whose careers it affects to chronicle, there were of course a good many too idle, or too modest, or too sensitive to send descriptions of themselves to Mr. Crockford, the printer of the *Clerical Journal*. Very likely they thought his blank forms, requesting an autobiography, a piece of summary impertinence. The result is that, for the most part, the clergy who stand well in their own eyes, who indeed form the majority, have been very minute in their descriptions of themselves; while in the case of those who declined to be their own trumpeters, Mr. Crockford and his assistants have been left to such chance modes of acquiring information as booksellers' catalogues, and Bishops' registers, and the *Clergy List* would supply. There is, therefore, a very considerable disproportion between the scale of importance which a man occupies when he draws his own portrait and when it has been drawn by his contemporaries. The earlier portion of the *Directory*, in which the parsons painted their own likenesses, is full, copious, and explicit in every particular. Fired at Mr. Crockford's courteous invitation, the clerics who respected themselves and their career, instantly sat down to anatomize themselves, while the later entries contain only the curt and costive information which obviously was picked up anyhow. So that if any curious person wishes to know whether the parson of a parish has a tolerable opinion of himself, he has only to look at the forward or backward place which he occupies in Mr. Crockford's *Directory* to judge of his relative degrees in vanity or modesty.

The collection, as we have said, consists of more than eighteen thousand entries; but apart from the help which the volume affords in approximating to any given parson's valuation of his own achievements, it is really a very curious compilation. To know so much of the little particulars of the history of so large a class—the age, fortune, and fame of so many individuals—when a man was ordained, what he did at College, what curacies and livings he has passed through—is sure to be interesting, especially because it is of little real and general importance, and ought to interest nobody. Like many other pieces of statistics, it ministers to that universal faculty which delights in gossip; so that we can calculate for the *Clerical Directory* an amount of popularity which neither its execution nor its contents would justify, though, as long as human nature delights in meddling with other people's concerns, such manuals will always attract readers.

The first thing which strikes the reader of the *Clerical Directory* is the vast amount of energy and literature of some sort which the clerical order must contain—the *Biographia Clericalis* records, at least in its earlier entries, nearly every man as an author. There is scarcely a parson who is not also a notable, and not one who might not survive as an instructor of his kind, though we cannot forget Cowper's reflections on a similar list of the illustrious obscure:—

Oh fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain, recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age:

There goes the parson,—O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk!

It is, of course, in chronicling their literary productions that the vanity, and we fear the littleness, of too many of our pastors and teachers manifest themselves; and the chief value of the *Clerical Directory* will be in showing what a vast amount of sermons, and tracts, and pamphlets have been published, for which the world is neither wiser nor better. But the worst of it is that the smaller a writer's literary successes have been, the more minute, and accurate, and painstaking he is in setting out his performances. We will give some specimens by which a *Biographia Literaria*, by some Watt or Lowndes of the future, will find itself encumbered with a plethora of contemptible materials. It must be satisfactory to Mr. Steward, curate of Swardston, to his family and friends, to have it enshrined in the immortality of type, that he is "author of *Pray read it, and Have you read it?*—two tracts published at Norwich by Priest and Green, 1853," though we confess that we are not so much enlightened by the information that the Rev. J. W. Hallam, of 9, Clarence-place, Devonport, is "author of various anonymous publications." On the other hand, it is a real addition to our bibliographical stores to be presented with an exact catalogue of the *opera omnia* of the Rev. Samuel Hobson, of Aylesham, Norfolk, who, among other publications, is author of what must be a clerical jest—"What mean ye by this service?" (the question discussed in the trial of George Herbert, Richard Hooker, Charles Simeon, Reginald Heber, and Thomas Scott, on the charge of heresy), and also of *James Dowell*, a tract, price 1d., and of "the *Poor Man and the Pauper*, price 2d." Mr. Davis, of Ffynn-ondewi-fawr, takes occasion to announce that he is "Contributor to *Yr Haul*, *Y Protestant*, the old *Gwron Cymreig*, *Y Cymro*, &c." The ample canvas which Mr. Crockford's liberality has assigned to

the clerical limners leads, however, occasionally to superfluity, if not to impertinence, in either sense of that word. For example, there is a pleonasm in Mr. Simpson's description of himself as a "member of the Senate of the Univ. of Cambridge," while, on the other hand, we are not surprised to be informed under Mr. Rabett's biography that "Rabett on the number 666, or *Larvæ*—Lateinos, the only proper name of a Man whose Apocalyptic number is $\chi\epsilon\tau$, or 666, Rev. xiii. 18," though "published at 12s. 6d., is now reduced to 8s. 6d. or less." Mr. Hayward Cox, too, must have been reduced to some straits, when, in enumerating his various services to society, he condescended to chronicle the fact that he is "Contributor to the *Church of England Quarterly Review*, and Evidence in the Oxford University Commission Report." Sometimes these self-revelations must be more inconvenient to others than to the penitents, as when Mr. Nassau St. Leger confesses himself guilty of "various articles in the *Morning Post*." Nor can Mr. S. A. Warde's penitential disclosures be other than edifying, when, with a preternatural sense of the duty of humiliation, he confesses himself a "Contributor to the *Student*, a journal of art, and *Sharpe's Magazine*, 1847."

Among the curiosities of the past, we fall across the name of Pretymann, with the same interest as we trace the relics of a lost creation. Pretymann is to the Peel incumbents as a Dinotherium to the weasel. Here are this much-enduring pluralist's incumbencies in his heavenly walk. "Chancellor of the Cathedral of Lincoln, value 1742l. 15s. 3d., with the prebendal stall of Stoke annexed, 268l.; rector of Wheathampstead, with Harpenden curacy, dioc. Rochester, income of the two, 1591l. and house; perpetual curate of Nettleham, 45l.; rector of Chalfont St. Giles, income, 859l. and house; canon residentiary of Winchester, value 755l. and residence;"—the modest total which this poor servant of the Cross enjoys being only 5260l. 15s. 3d. per annum, and five houses to live in. After this, Mr. Sparke, another specimen of Episcopal nepotism, shines with diminished lustre. He is "Canon of Ely, 303l.; vicar of Littleport, 2035l.; rector of Feltwell, 1471l.; and registrar of the diocese of Ely," which is only some one or two thousands per annum more. The Ely Canonry we may remark is entered only at about half its value. The brother Sparke is, we regret to find, but poorly off, as he enjoys only "a canonry of Ely, valued at 307l.; the rectory of Levington, which is valued at 2190l.; and the rectories of Gunthorpe and Bale, which, together, produce 662l." But the Episcopal duty of providing for his own is fully recognised in the person of Mr. Robert Moore, son of a late Archbishop of Canterbury, who, to the rectory of Hunton, value 1059l., adds that of Latchingdon, of which the income is 955l., and a stall at Canterbury, which is figured, and much below its value, at 900l.; but who tops up with the "registrarship of the Prerogative Court," which is usually reckoned at 5000l. per annum more. These things, however, are the exception in the pages of the *Clerical Directory*. Generally speaking, they but record the simple lives and moderate estate of men of plain manners and useful in their generation. We have called attention to the faults in the strata, but, at least, public attention does not require to be raised against Ecclesiastical abuses of this sort. Rather the danger is the other way. Clerical incomes are for the most part fixed, and the tendency is to make them stipendiaries. With money daily decreasing in value, the problem of another generation—perhaps of the present—will be, to screw out of Church revenues such clerical incomes as shall prevent a greater deterioration of the clerical status, both in point of education and position, than what our social habits require of the clergy of the Church of England. The value of the *Clerical Directory* is in the proof that it affords, how small the general incomes of the clergy are.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART-MANUFACTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

IN spite of the notorious charlatanism of many of the proceedings of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, we are of those who wish it well and who hope for much practical good from its operations. There is quite enough to stir one's bile in a visit to the Museum at Brompton—we beg pardon, at South Kensington. It is a natural enough mistake, for the Museum actually touches the burial-ground of Brompton Church; but the authorities prefer the more aristocratic name of South Kensington, and with good reason. For is there not a material as well as a moral barrier between Brompton and the more fashionable suburb that skirts its northern boundary? There may be jealousy between Camden Town and Regent's Park, and many other adjacent *quartiers*; but at any rate you may travel easily from one to the other. Not so, south of Hyde Park. Woe be to the stranger who would make a short cut from the Serpentine to Chelsea. There is a solid barrier between the gentility of Ennismore-terrace and the vulgarity of Brompton; and the denizens of Rutland-gate prefer living in a *cul-de-sac* to having a free exit, and a mile less of cab-fare, to the new Picnic Terminus. Who will wonder, then, that the Museum should be dubbed as of South Kensington, and that its ideal locality should be near the Prince's-gate and the Exhibition-road, while, fortunately for its own prosperity, it is actually on the route of the Fulham omnibuses, opposite—dare we express it in print?—the "Bell and Horns."

"Fortunately," we say, for, in spite of its distance from the

centre of population, whether gentle or simple, it must be granted that very large numbers of visitors are attracted to the Brompton Museum. It is an encouraging sight enough to watch the crowds that on the free days, and especially the free evenings, gaze with delight on the Sheepshanks' pictures, get bored in the Educational Department, wonder at the architectural casts, sit awed in the forbidding presence of the David or the Moses, and stare blankly at the Soulages and High Art collections. At least some of these visitors will be benefited by these novel sights; and the more that go, the more will learn. To be sure everything is done to attract the multitude. Free admission, and that in the evening—brilliantly lighted galleries and civil attendance. Besides, you are made to take a personal interest, as it were, in the fluctuating averages of attendance. You are registered by turn-tables; you are reckoned by intelligent Sappers and Miners; hand-bills are tendered you with comparative columns of monthly totals; as you enter you see the gigantic rubricated placard of the week's admissions; and next morning you find the sum of the day's attendance, in which you have yourself been an unit, conspicuous in the *Times*. Mr. Cole is a thorough proficient in the art of puffing, and no institution ever blew its own trumpet more complacently than the South Kensington Museum.

Leges multum, aliquid hereditas, is an old adage, but not a very wise one. On this principle the directors of this most incongruous Museum must have proceeded in accumulating its contents. They must have argued that if people saw much they would at least learn something. For our own part, we can imagine nothing more irritating to the casual visitor, or more confusing to a student, than the grotesque juxtapositions and audacious disorder of the larger part of the Brompton Collection. And of this the public has some right to complain; for the sole justification of those frightful, abnormal, iron constructions which have been profanely nicknamed "the Boilers," is to be found in the supposed facility of unlimited expansion afforded by that kind of architecture. We might reasonably have expected a new apartment to be added as often as the process of aggregation or classification required it. Be this as it may, we confess to a real interest in the work of the Department whose head-quarters are fixed in this Museum, and to some confidence that its labours will not be thrown away. Immediate success cannot be expected. The current of taste and opinion is not to be diverted in a day. Equal zeal, with perhaps a little less pretence, for the future, will be sure to do something in the long run for the improvement of practical art. The public, as well as the classes engaged in the production of art-manufactures, requires to be educated. And it will be contrary to all experience if the observation of good and pure models does not effect some change for the better in the popular estimate, as well as in the professional exercise, of artistic design. But it is not wise to expect great results prematurely; and we doubt whether the Department has acted judiciously in challenging public criticism so soon as this on the measure of success it has already attained.

It must be owned that the exhibition now open at South Kensington of works of art-manufacture, designed or executed by students of the Schools of Art, is anything but a triumph. That it is not without promise for the future, especially in some departments, we are glad to acknowledge; but as a whole the average standard that has been reached is a dreary level of mediocrity. Under these circumstances was it worth while to try the experiment? The introduction to the Catalogue, by Mr. Wallis, is full of apologies and deprecations. And in truth they are needed. He tells us that the object of the exhibition is to illustrate the improvement in the design and execution of works of ornamental art that may fairly be credited to the action of the Schools of Design throughout the country since their first establishment in 1837. Up to 1852, when the Department of Science and Art was instituted, no satisfactory results had been attained. It was found to be almost useless to afford means of advanced instruction to adult artisans who had received no elementary training in drawing and design. The new Department, therefore, has chiefly addressed itself to the encouragement of rudimentary teaching, and it is not unreasonably hoped that the next generation of students may be better qualified than their predecessors to derive real benefit from the local Schools of Art. But so long as these hoped-for results are still prospective, why is an attempt made to illustrate present progress? Mr. Wallis admits that this exhibition most inadequately represents the state of contemporary design; and the reasons and explanations which he offers are really so many arguments against this ill-advised and precipitate scheme.

It is all very well to boast of greater results having been attained by the indirect action of the Schools of Art than are here seen to have followed upon their immediate operation; but this would come with a better grace were the direct success more marked and indisputable. And if, indeed, the style of design for the machine-lace of Nottingham is, as is here asserted, quite changed for the better, we do not see why the present exhibition should not have contained proofs of this improvement, even though the manufacturers or designers themselves have no immediate connexion with the Governmental schools. In fact, there seems to us a little want of ingenuously in thus insinuating a claim to a large amount of indirect success which cannot be traced home to the operations of the Schools, while the present exhibition, by excluding all works that are not designed or executed by masters or students in the Schools of Art, practically ignores the high merit in various branches of art that

has been reached independently and antecedently by other men. So long, for example, as Messrs. Hart and Son's generally excellent metal-work stands as the sole representative of the present state of design in that department, who would imagine that Messrs. Hardman, or Keith, or Skidmore, had exhibited works quite as admirable both for design and workmanship as far back as the Exhibition of 1851, before the Government Department was even thought of? But it is always the tendency of a bureau to try to magnify its usefulness and efficiency by appropriating to itself credit that might at least be shared with independent fellow-labourers.

We do not propose to examine the present Exhibition in much detail. The catalogue points to the staples of the Staffordshire Potteries, of Worcester, and of Sheffield, as showing the most decided improvement in design. As to the last named town, we are incredulous, judging from the specimens to be seen here. In Birmingham little has been done as yet; and in textile manufactures progress seems utterly baffled by the obstinate preference of the consumer for the old style of pattern, and the certain piracy by unscrupulous rivals in trade of any improved design. Macclesfield alone seems to feel the influence of purer taste; while Manchester, Glasgow, and Paisley adhere to their old traditions. Of progress in the art manufactures of the metropolis Mr. Wallis says little or nothing.

The products of industrial art now collected for exhibition are divided into twelve classes. Glass and ceramic manufactures are very wisely placed first in order. In the former we are pleased to see considerable improvement in form. But a nearer inspection reveals a coarseness of substance and ornament very unlike the Venetian prototypes. There seems to us but little fancy in the original designs, and some of them are laboured and cumbersome, and withal pretentious. The best specimens are those from Mr. Richardson's works at Wordsley, near Stourbridge. The worst come from Birmingham. The decanter made by the Islington Company in that town is simply hideous. But in ceramic products the spirited enterprise of Messrs. Minton and Co. has provoked a generous rivalry from other firms, and the general display is encouraging. We regret, however, to see no new development from the Minton works. Here are tiles, majolica, Palissy ware, sham Limoges ware (to which we have a rooted objection, for why should metallic enamelling be imitated in pottery)—porcelain, stone ware, and terra cotta. But we have still to wait for the revival of the Della Robbia manufacture. Many, if not most, of the specimens here collected we have seen before, and of some we are quite tired. Among the new designs there are few that strike us as being of unusual merit. The majority of them are commonplace in the extreme. Tiles, from Pugin's drawings, would have been, we should have thought, inadmissible, under the conditions of this particular exhibition, as being confined to works emanating from the Government Schools of Art. Upon the whole, our foremost ceramic artists in England appear to have mastered all the mechanical processes, and nothing seems wanting but a spark of real inventive genius to inaugurate a further development. Messrs. Kerr and Binns, of Worcester, are the nearest rivals of Messrs. Minton. A Parian vase (181) from their works, designed and painted by a female artist, is one of the freshest and prettiest things in the whole room. The Louis Seize cabinet, made by Messrs. Jackson and Graham for the Paris Exhibition, reappears here with Mr. Digby Wyatt's flattering report upon it. With every wish to do justice to the numerous skilful artists employed in this piece of furniture, who are all enumerated in the *libro d'oro* of the Exhibition, we cannot think the whole composition pleasing or successful.

Ornamental metal-work forms the next division. Here there seems to have been no principle of selection. Many of the works show no gleam of a purer artistic intelligence, and some are actually retrogressive. What a monstrosity, for example, is the cast-iron monumental tablet, from Handsworth, to the memory of Ebenezer Hope, in which three angels, "modelled by so-and-so of Somerset House," are represented in dancing attitudes, holding a heraldic shield, blazoned with a cross! The grates and fenders are as bad as ever—one of the worst offenders being, perhaps, the largest dealer in such things in all London, Mr. Burton of Oxford Street. However, a Dudley lad, George Parkin, has designed a really good set of fender and fire-irons (231), were it not for the handles of the latter. And a word of praise must be given to Mr. Joseph Ash, the designer for Hart & Sons, for excellent Gothic details in metal-work. In oxidized silver, silver plate, electro-deposits, &c., we see, as often before, great capabilities, and perhaps a tendency towards improvement, but little, if any, actual progress. It is in this class that there occurs one of the best jests in the Exhibition. A Sheffield artist wanting to design a novel fish-slice, has positively chosen the shape of a battle-axe as the most suitable for his purpose! Imagine the combat after the soup between a boiled salmon and its carver—the latter crying out, with Ovid's "furens bipennifer Arcas"—"Discite femineis quid tela virilia prestant, O juvenes, operique meo concedite!" The jewellery is almost all from Birmingham, and is as far as ever from purity or elegance of design. The wood-carving is better. There are, for instance, some most promising lime-wood medallions—original in design and delicate in cutting—the work of William Perry, a London student. We fail to see any advance in the designs for *papier maché*, and in lace and linen, damasks, silks and ribbons, the improvement, if any, is

unimportant. Among the printed fabrics we discern spirit and taste in some of the designs of James Doeherty, of Glasgow. It is, we believe, the besotted fondness of our lower classes for dubious browns and drabs, that thwarts any wish on the part of enterprising manufacturers to introduce brighter colours. We observe a capital bright-hued Paisley shawl (590), intended for the Spanish and American markets—a fact which shows that part of the blame for the present hideous style of our home prints is due to the consumer. In carpets and tapestry the amelioration of design is obvious. Here, at least, we have made a step in advance; and Kidderminster is beginning to do something better than imitate the designs of other places. Finally, in the last, or Miscellaneous Class, we remark some hopeful statuettes in Caen stone, by Samuel Ruddock, of the South Kensington School; and we may register some very fair paper-hangings. But what pretence at art is there in Mr. Sykes's horn umbrella-handles, or Mr. Stannus's cast-iron scraper—both from the benighted town of Sheffield? Some weeding of this collection was sadly wanted. As it is, the general result is by no means so encouraging as to make us wish for the Exhibition to be annual—or, still less, permanent. And we have one more piece of advice to give its managers. Unless the prices of these art-manufactures are given, how is any one to know whether improved design is consistent with cheap production? It is certain that we shall see no general improvement in design till it is proved that it is not more expensive to buy a good article than a bad one.

ENGLISH OPERA.

THE re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre for operative purposes had nothing remarkable about it, beyond the enthusiasm displayed by the audience. We might be tempted to say that Mr. Balfe's *Rose of Castille* had already been repented *a nauseam*, were not the incorrectness of the expression amply demonstrated by the keen appetite with which the throng assembled on Monday night sat down to enjoy the lyrical banquet prepared for its gratification. The "fact" of the evening was the intense interest displayed by a dense mass of humanity, perfectly free from the influence of fashion, for a work which offered none but musical attractions. They liked it because they liked it—a reason commonly assigned to female logicians, but which really belongs to every unsophisticated public, without distinction of age or sex.

An old caricature of the Rowlandson days, entitled "John Bull at the Opera," represented a whole audience yawning or snoring, whilst a vocalist was straining his lungs, and fiddlers were sawing their instruments in half, for the pleasure, apparently, of no one but themselves. Dr. Arne's *Artaxerxes* was, for many years, the terror of the lower classes, not because it was bald and insipid, but because it lacked the charm of spoken dialogue. Even at a much later period, many sages supposed to be familiar with the taste of the play-going public, stoutly maintained that the only operas which would really suit the bulk of the English people were those comedies, after the fashion of the *Duenna*, in which a song is introduced as an occasional embellishment, and in which, perhaps, the acts were allowed to close with something like a musical finale. But so completely have times altered in this respect, that if an opera were now announced in the bills, and a comedy, interspersed with songs, were performed on the stage, every intelligent artisan in the house would consider himself cheated; and the spoken dialogue in modern English operas, scanty though it be, is regarded as an unwelcome intrusion. The gallery-folk wedged together on Monday night, in order to hear the *Rose of Castille*, paid no more money, and were not a whit more select, than the patrons of pantomime who occupy the same region at Christmas. But these people were visibly and unaffectedly delighted, and though the opera was considerably lengthened by a most unreasonable number of *encores*, there was not the slightest indication of weariness or dissatisfaction. We could make similar remarks in reference to the other parts of the house, but we have particularized the galleries, as showing how the whole nation is now imbued with a taste for that sort of musical entertainment which, not very many years ago, even persons of rank and cultivation were supposed to patronize more for the sake of fashion than with a view to real enjoyment.

Here then is a clear demand for Opera on the part of the London masses; and we must wonder that, contrary to all the laws of commerce, the demand has not yet produced a permanent supply, in a way that would be beneficial to English composers. All sorts of theatrical experiments are made, some with, some without success. We have been compelled to witness the absurdity of a second Italian Opera House, when one was sufficient for all the possible wants of the higher classes; but the notion of founding an establishment for the regular performance of lyrical dramas in the vernacular tongue—the only tongue that can appeal to the multitude—seems to be altogether abandoned. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison will remain at Drury Lane for about thirteen weeks, in the course of which they will produce an English version of *Martha*, a new opera by Mr. Balfe, and another by Mr. Bristowe, an American. They will then retire to make way for Mr. E. T. Smith's pantomime; and the numerous composers who, with completed scores in their table-drawers, prick up their ears eagerly at every rumour that something like a good time is coming, with a permanent English

Opera House in its train, will find that nothing but a blank is before them.

We cannot think that Miss Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have as yet made the most of their position. The executive talent of the lady is of the highest order; and, although the gentleman is not the most refined of vocalists, he is lively and spirited, and a decided favourite with the general public. They have a valuable ally in Mr. Alfred Mellon, who is one of the best conductors of the day; and their *prestige* is sufficient to surround them, at the shortest notice, with the best available artists, vocal and instrumental. With these advantages, and in the face of a public eager for musical recreation, surely something better could be achieved than a short "starring" season, in which the performance of an opera adapted from the Italian, and already produced at the Covent Garden Theatre, is offered as one of the main attractions. The original work which they brought out at the Lyceum last year, and with which they this week opened their season at Drury Lane, has proved eminently successful; and yet there is nothing so extraordinary in its merits that we should despair of finding half a dozen other English operas that would equally gratify the same audience. Judging from the signs of the times, we should say that a tolerable composition, wedded to a passable libretto, and creditably executed by known artists, would find a public more ready to honour mediocrity than to damp aspiration.

REVIEWS.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WE heartily welcome the little volume of recollections of Stein* which has been lately put forth by the aged Arndt, for it is one of the last productions which we may expect from his pen, while it makes a valuable addition to our knowledge of a very eminent man. Arndt, then a professor at the small University of Greifswald, was invited to St. Petersburg by Stein in the year 1811, and was employed by him in many of his schemes for the re-awakening of Germany and the overthrow of Napoleon's power. He travelled with Stein when the wave of French conquest rolled back from Russia, and shared his regret at the unsatisfactory results of the Peace and the new settlement in Germany. The book is full of sketches of remarkable people—the Emperor Alexander, Madame Krüdener, Hans von Gagern, Hardenberg, and many more. The description of the interior of a great Russian household in 1812, with its semi-Asiatic ways and motley groups, is very interesting, and the whole work is pervaded by a thoroughly fresh and genial spirit. It is dedicated to Bunsen, at whose request it appears to have been written. Those who know the valuable but rather bulky *Life of Stein* by Dr. Pertz, will be agreeably surprised by the smaller size and more lively style of the work before us.

Dr. Lewysohn, to whose care is entrusted the Jewish synagogue at Worms, has just published a very curious and learned work upon the *Zoology of the Talmud*.† He divides his subject into three parts, treating first of the general terms used by the rabbinical doctors with reference to animals and animal life; secondly, of those animals mentioned in the Talmud which are known to modern science; and thirdly, of purely fabulous creatures. Amongst the latter are found, in addition to the phoenix, the salamander, and others, the schamir-worm, which is no larger than a grain of barley, but which, nevertheless, has the power of piercing through the hardest substances. It was by means of it that, according to rabbinical tradition, the stones of the High Priest's breastplate were engraved. The names of the tribes were written in ink on the stones, and the worm was placed so as to look at them, whereupon the lines immediately sank in, and thus the desired effect was produced without any loss of the material. This valuable animal was also used by Solomon in building the first temple, but was lost to the world at the destruction of the second. Another not less remarkable creature was the jidoo, the bones of which were held in the mouths of soothsayers when they prophesied. It is easy to see that this book has cost its author infinite labour, and although, at first sight, it may seem that there are few subjects of human research which are likely to interest any reasonable student less than the zoology of the Talmud, it is yet impossible to turn over Dr. Lewysohn's pages without perceiving that no one who occupies himself with the natural history of the Bible can wisely overlook the product of his conscientious toil.

The *History of French Calvinism*,‡ by M. Von Polenz, the first volume of which is before us, aims at a wider and larger view of this form of faith than has hitherto been attempted. The author is a disciple of Neander's, and, as might be expected, turns with more interest to the "inner side" of French Protestantism than a writer like Ranke, who contemplates it rather in its relations to the general history of France. He does not, however, on this account neglect those parts of his subject which have been already placed before the public. The work commences

with a sketch of the early history of Christianity in France, then passes to the establishment of the authority of Rome in that country, noticing the peculiar position of the Gallican Church; and adding details as well with reference to the early efforts of Reformers within the Church, as to the hostile action of the Waldenses and others who lived without its pale. This leads him to what he calls the Lutheran-French Reformation, and that, again, to the period when French Protestantism received its peculiar stamp and colour from the mind of Calvin. The first volume reaches to the year 1560.

Amongst the works which have been from time to time composed after the pattern of Humboldt's *Aspects of Nature*, we have seen none more likely to be generally popular in England than the *Studien** of Professor Schleiden. This book, of which the second edition is upon our table, combines a vast amount of erudition with much geniality and an exuberant and graceful fancy. It consists of a series of essays, slight in form, but based upon very wide reading. Each of these is followed by a short appendix of notes and authorities, which enables the reader at once to test the accuracy of his instructor, and to pursue the subject laid before him if he thinks it desirable to do so. First, we have a paper on the migrations of plants and animals, to which is given the rather quaint title of the "Stranger-police of Nature." This is followed by an account of the Arctic Regions and the Northern Voyages, and that again is succeeded by essays on the Sounds of Nature, the Life of Plants, Swedenborg and Superstition, Wallenstein and Astrology, The Moonlight Reveries of a Naturalist, and Ghosts and Magic. One passage in the first essay opens so strange and so new a chapter of human folly, that it may be worth while to abridge it:—

Some years ago a professor at Würzburg wrote a book called the *Northern Greece*, in which he maintained that Ireland was the cradle of the human race. The Indians, Medes, Persians, and Armenians wandered thence across Britain and along the shores of Africa to Asia. Egypt is a Northern colony. Hades and the Labyrinth were in the Maestricht quarries, while Belgium is at once the Elysium of the Greeks and the Christian Paradise.

The keynote of Professor Schleiden's writings is to be sought in the poetry of Rückert, from whom he has borrowed the mottoes for all his essays. The first of these snatches of verse contains a truer estimate of the real value of his book than is common amongst authors who describe their own productions:—

Ich glaube nicht, dass ich viel eignes neues lehre
Noch durch mein Scherlein Witz den Schatz der Weisheit mehre.
Doch denk'ich von der Müß' mir zweierlei Gewinn;
Einmal dass ich nun selbst an Einsicht weiter bin;
Sodann dass noch dadurch an manchen Mann wird kommen
Manches, wovon er sonst gar hätte nichts vernommen.
Und auch der dritte Grund scheint werth nicht den Gelächters
Dass wer dies Büchlein liest, derweil doch liest kein schlechter.

This is the truth, but not quite the whole truth, as all those who give a few hours to these pleasant sketches will soon discover.

Dr. Jolowicz, of Königsberg, has just completed an unpretending but most useful work. This is a list of all the books bearing upon Egypt which appeared up to the year 1857. The class of publications to which this belongs is more largely represented in Germany than in this country, but we are glad to observe that M. Jolowicz has met with even more encouragement in his useful and laborious undertaking from English than from German scholars. The *Bibliotheca Egyptiaca*† will save many a valuable hour.

Most of our readers have heard of, and probably many of them have visited, the now celebrated *Rauhe Haus* at Horn, near Hamburg. This institution has risen from very small beginnings to considerable importance. At first only a sort of refuge and reformatory for children, it has now become the Monte Casino of a powerful body amongst the Protestants of Germany. Dr. Wichern, to whom it owes its foundation and its fame, has, in conjunction with others, at last made public a plan which has been for some time revolved in certain circles. He proposes to start, at Berlin, an association which is to have its local habitation in the Prussian capital, but is to extend its operations over the whole of Germany. The object of this institution is, so to speak, to organize benevolence, and to give a definite direction to the many aspirations "to do good" which are so common at the present day. The first public step towards carrying out this idea was taken on the 25th of April last, when some hundred persons of all ranks assembled in the Sing-Academie at Berlin, to hear a speech from Dr. Bethman Hollweg, and a long address from Dr. Wichern setting forth the proposed plan. These are both contained in the pamphlet called *Das Evangelische Johannes-Stift in Berlin*‡ which is now in our hands; and an appendix brings up the history of the project to a very recent period. It would appear that a large sum has been collected, that a house in the suburbs of Berlin is either already taken, or about to be taken, and that the Association does not intend to defer its operations till the buildings, of which a sketch is to be found in the pamphlet, are ready for its use. We need hardly say that the King of Prussia, up to the period of his illness, took deep interest in this scheme, which is indeed one after his own heart. This fact, and a glance at the names of those who are the managers of the Society, will show all those who know the present state of

* *Meine Wanderungen und Wandelungen mit dem Reichsfreiherrn H. K. F. von Stein*. Von E. M. Arndt. Berlin. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Die Zoologie des Talmuds*. Von Dr. L. Lewysohn. Frankfurt. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

‡ *Geschichte des Französischen Calvinismus bis zur Nationalversammlung in 1789*. Gotha. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

* *Studien*. Von M. J. Schleiden, Professor an der Universität Jena. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Bibliotheca Egyptiaca*. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

‡ *Das Evangelische Johannes-Stift in Berlin*. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

parties in Prussia that there will be some features in the Johannes-Stift with which the sympathies of educated Englishmen will probably be imperfect. On the other hand, there is much in it which is worthy of all honour, and we should be glad to see the pamphlet before us translated and circulated in this country.

The next book which we take up is amusingly unlike the one which we have just laid down. It is a well-illustrated, readable, and somewhat flimsy account of the *Chamois Chase in the Tyrol** by Gerstaecker, an author whose works are well-known in England by translations, and whose merits we do not rate very high. It will find and probably please its public.

Dr. Mordtmann, who has resided for many years at Constantinople, has amused his leisure by studying most minutely the history of the siege of that city by Mahomet II. in 1453. He has gone again and again over all the ground with compass and yard-measure in his hand; he has copied every inscription; he has collected the local traditions, and has compared them with the records of eye-witnesses and other contemporaries. From all these sources of information he has compiled a monograph,† which has just appeared at Stuttgart, and which will henceforth be the most authoritative work upon its subject.

The *Life of Radetzky*‡ by an Austrian veteran, dictated in part by the old Field Marshal himself, has already reached a second edition. It is in reasonable compass, and although we cannot be expected altogether to sympathize with the enthusiasm of the biographer, we cannot pretend to be indifferent to the fame of a man who experienced the *grandeur et servitude militaire* for two and seventy years; and who, although he was old enough to have been the pupil of Lacy and the favourite of Loudon, yet lived to make possible that wonderful reconstruction which is even now going on before our eyes through the wide domains of the House of Hapsburg. Few men have ever rendered so great services, if not to his country, at least to his sovereign. In that dark and terrible day which followed the events of March, 1848, when so many hearts failed and so many faces gathered blackness, he stood firm and erect. There was no exaggeration in the words of the poet, "in seinem Lager war Oesterreich."

PROFESSOR WILSON'S WORKS.§

THE pious industry of his son-in-law has collected the dispersed writings of Professor Wilson into twelve closely printed volumes; and as the concluding volume has recently appeared, we are now able to form some estimate of a man who was so well known in his generation. Of the specially Scotch reputation of Professor Wilson, and of the claims on which it was founded, we do not pretend to speak. Scotchmen relish and admire Scotch literature more than we do, because they understand it so much better; and when they praise, they do not shrink from praising heartily. Professor Wilson is exactly the kind of writer whom they delight to honour, and the national enthusiasm will perhaps echo the opinion pronounced by Professor Ferrier, that, in the creation of the principal character of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, Wilson has equalled Plato and surpassed Shakspeare. But Wilson is a man who may also be considered, and who is worth considering, from another point of view. He was a writer of considerable eminence in the literature of his time; he has exercised a decided influence on more than one modern writer; his character had many fine traits in it, and there was a frankness, a geniality, and even an originality, about the man and his works which ought to prevent his name being too quickly forgotten. We cannot suppose that these twelve volumes will ever have any great charm for English readers. Nothing, indeed, is more surprising about Wilson's writings than that the productions of a man who had so many rich gifts, and who wrote on subjects that may be almost called contemporary, should yet be such very heavy reading. But still these collected works are not a book which we can wholly put aside. It is with Wilson as with so many men of his calibre—we cannot stand more than a certain quantity of their writings, but we like to form for ourselves some notion of persons whose names we have so often heard, and whose characters had salient features which attract and interest us.

There is nothing which marks Wilson so much as his provincialism. He had all the good as well as all the bad points of a provincial, and his writing admirably illustrates what the good points of provincialism are. Now that provincialism is a thing almost of the past, so far as the English are concerned, and is rapidly becoming weakened and antiquated in Scotland, we can scarcely understand the intense hold which it once had on the affections of men of wit and spirit. We are apt to see only its ludicrous side. When, for instance, we come to read the *Noctes* with a knowledge of what *Blackwood* really is—an amiable Tory periodical, living chiefly on the scraps that fall from Sir Bulwer Lytton's table—we are equally surprised and amused to find that Christopher North represents it as an engine of awful and almost supernatural power, determining the fate of authors and nations,

and conferring an immortal reputation by conceding an occasional admission to its pages. But there can be no doubt that provincialism did act as a powerful stimulus to minds far above the common cast. The intense belief in the importance of local events and in the superiority of local talent, which is the great characteristic of provincialism, inspires even ordinary men with an ambition for intellectual display and a taste for intellectual pursuits, which are apt to fade away when society is toned down to a level admiration of real excellence. There is also in provincial circles a wide field for the development of originality of character, and Scotch provincial society was eminently rich in a race of both men and women possessing natures, coarse perhaps, but singularly shrewd, sturdy, humorous, and diversified. Professor Ferrier tells us that when the *Chaldee Manuscripts*—a burlesque account of Edinburgh society in the language of the Old Testament prophecies—was written by Wilson, Lockhart, and Hogg, it "excited the most indescribable commotion." It is an extraordinary proof of the delight, both real and traditional, which the Scotch take in their provincial society, that Professor Ferrier thinks that "the present generation will be much amused by the pleasantry of this clever *jeu d'esprit*." The exact effect of its perusal may be more accurately described by saying that it makes us understand why Sydney Smith was so glad to get away from Edinburgh to London. It is full of the bitter hatred, the license of abuse, and the breadth of fun which produce "indescrutable commotions" in circles which are narrow, but not stupid. Professor Wilson was made to be the darling and the spokesman of such a society, and all the more so because, in some respects, he was superior to those with whom he mixed, and approached provincial life from its sunny side. He was proud himself, and was regarded with pride by others, because he gave something of elevation and of repute to provincialism; but he always stood to provincialism in the relation of a man who did the thing well, not of one who was above doing it. His descriptions were adapted to dazzle Edinburgh critics, his wit was generally "wut," he hated with an Edinburgh hatred, and loved with an Edinburgh love. Above all, he delighted with a naïve frankness in being the chief of a small party. A great part of the *Noctes* consists simply of a panegyric on himself. Professor Ferrier tells us that Christopher North was an idealization of Wilson—that is, Wilson was a strong, hale man, and he speaks of himself, in the disguise of Christopher North, as a marvel of physical force; Wilson was a good-looking man, and he makes Christopher North the model of venerable grandeur; Wilson was a welcome companion, and Christopher North lays down the law to the Scotch world, where every one trembles at his nod, and treasures up the gracious words that flow from his mouth. It is difficult to understand how a man of sense could have inflicted, even on his admirers, such a torrent of wordy egotism, until we remember that his triumphs were the triumphs of his following, that he boasted for others rather than himself, and that he considered it a good move to talk big and show himself off, exactly as a candidate makes the most of himself at a contested election.

Provincialism may be taken as the limit of Wilson's powers. There are qualities which cannot develop themselves in that sphere, and those qualities are wanting in Wilson. But within the limit of provincialism there has scarcely ever been a more remarkable man. He had a wonderful freshness, freedom, and vivacity of thought; and having a great diversity of gifts, physical and mental, he made them all work together. He was a keen sportsman, a true lover of scenery, a man of considerable poetical taste, of quick memory, and a fair amount of reading. All these things he brought together. In shooting and fishing he thought of the landscape, and in writing he retained the animal spirits kindled and fostered by the shooting and fishing. He was one of the most conspicuous founders of the school which prides itself on showing in literature the training of the body almost more than that of the mind. And although Wilson's love of sport was most genuine, the school had already reached in him something of that consciousness of muscular strength when holding the pen, and something of that thankfulness to God for not being a Cockney, which we are so familiar with in later writers, and from which Walter Scott, who was as little of a Cockney as Wilson, was so nobly free. But even if there was a tinge in Wilson of the pedantry of not being a pedant, we are seldom annoyed by it, and are usually carried away by the heartiness and reality of the enjoyment which lends its brightness to his pages. He was what is commonly called a "fine fellow." He had manly tastes, freely indulged them, and frankly described them; and whatever he wrote was written sincerely. In nothing was this sincerity more apparent than in the great importance which, in all his works, he assigns to eating and drinking. A great deal of the cumbrous fun of the *Noctes* consists in giving the details of enormous banquets at which the interlocutors in the dialogue are supposed to assist. The joke of thinking nothing of a man unless he can add whisky to ale, and chickens to boiled beef, sat so near to Wilson's heart that he introduces it into all his writings with the most monotonous frequency. This frequency of repetition does not add to our estimate of his wit, but it has the effect of inspiring a belief in the reality of the enjoyment, a portion of which it so laboriously illustrates.

The freshness with which his love of nature and out-of-door pursuits enabled Wilson to judge of the worth and meaning of the subjects to which he applied himself, often led him to very

* *Eine Gamsjagd in Tyrol*. Von F. Gerstaecker. Leipzig: Keil. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Der Belagerung und Eroberung Constantinopels*. Von Dr. A. Mordtmann. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

‡ *Graf Radetzky*. Eine Biographische Skizze. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

§ *The Works of Professor Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh*. Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. Vol. I.—XII. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1855-8.

valuable results. Perhaps nowhere are his peculiar excellences so apparent as in his criticism on the translators of Homer. There have been few things written on the classics so good as this essay. It is full of instruction, and testifies abundantly to the insight into the meaning of a great poet which may be gained by knowing accurately and appreciating keenly that portion of the external world to which the poet habitually turns. Wilson decided on the interpretation of Homer by reflecting on what his own experience suggested to be the point to which Homer referred. We are sorry to say that as classical scholarship has advanced in this country, the enjoyment of the classics as a literature has died away. Scholars know too much, and have worked too hard at the masterpieces of classical literature, to retain the faculty of admiration, or to sympathize with the feelings of the writer. Any one acquainted with the English Universities must have remarked, that the few Scotch students that come there are superior to their English companions in what may be called an untutored love for the great classical authors. They have been accustomed to consider these authors in their general literary aspect, rather than as affording materials for the nice study of language. Wilson had pre-eminently the qualities which enable a student of Homer to catch the general meaning of a passage, and to bring home to himself and others the thoughts of the poet. It would be easy to show the shortcomings of such a mode of approaching classical literature. It frequently leads to an inaccurate and superficial rashness, and degenerates into mere rant. But if we judge of it by its best specimens, we see at once that it makes a reality of ancient authors which is apt to be missed by the English method of minute scholarship. Wilson has got so much out of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, has thrown over their interpretation the light of so kindred a spirit, that few readers would fail to find Homer made new to them by his Scotch commentator. There was, indeed, something very Homeric about Wilson himself. He would have liked as well as any civilized man can like, to have thrown big stones all day, and then sat down to an ox roasted whole, while he would still have been capable of a keen interest in human society, and of a poetical relish for listening to the storms of cloud-compelling Zeus, and letting his eye wander over the "broad backs of the sea."

How was it that with such rich gifts, with so much of unborrowed strength, with a considerable share of humour, with a dramatic power far from contemptible, with a sound sense that often carried him above the prejudices of his time and nation, Wilson never rose to anything like first-rate excellence? We must return to his characteristic provincialism to explain the cause of his shortcoming, or, rather, to give it its true shape. The great fault of all Wilson's writings is the profusion of words in which he expresses all he has to say. He goes pouring on and on the stream of a language sometimes racy, sometimes happy, but ordinarily stilted and monotonous. His unhappy facility of writing tempts him into a series of grand passages. In the *Noctes* we have some such question asked of the Shepherd as "What does an eagle look like on a fine morning, Shepherd?" and then we have a dismal, close-printed page of reply about the king of birds and the moors. A great writer would have thought not only that a half would have been better than the whole of this, but that an eighth would have been too much. The weakness which makes a man delight in the flow of grandiloquent description is only another side of the weakness which makes him write for provincials and not for the world. And it is very evident that this particular failing was encouraged in Wilson by the admiration it excited, and that his deluge of fine writing was the honest pride of himself and his friends. Whenever, in the *Noctes*, there is a good long paragraph of watery eloquence from the Shepherd, the other interlocutors of the dialogue, who reflect Wilson's opinions of his own performances and the opinions which he could calculate on his friends sharing with him, always exclaim:—"True, James—most beautifully, sublimely true." "You speak like a man inspired, James." "Better and better still, James." We have taken these particular phrases of approbation from the first page in the *Noctes* on which we opened, and as English readers, who have not read that work lately, may like to be reminded of the sort of thing on which this rapturous admiration is bestowed, we will quote the passage in full. The subject is the "Tree of the British Constitution."

Shepherd. For my ain pairt, I hae nae fears that a' the axes o' our enemies, lang-armed and roun'-shouldered though the race o' Eerishers be, could ever, were they to hack awa for ten thousand years, penetrate through the outer ring o' the flint-hard wood, far less lab awa until the heart o' the mighty bole o' the Tree—

North.

"Like a cedar on the top of Lebanon
Darkening the sea."

Shepherd. Na, na, na. For there's nae saft silly sap in the body o' the tremendous auld giant. He's a' heart, sir—and the edges o' their axes would be turned as if struck against granite.

North. True, James—most beautifully, sublimely true!

Shepherd. Yet still an aik-tree (be thinkin' o' the British Constitution, sir), though o' a' things that grow, wi' roots far down in earth, and branches high up in heaven, the maist storm-lovin' and thunder-proof, depends for its verra life amais on its outer rind as on its inner heart. Tear aff or cut through the rind, and the bole festers with fungues, that, like verra cancers, keep eatin, and eatin, and eatin day and nicht, summer and wunter, into the mysterious principle o' leafy life.

North. You speak like a man inspired, James.

Shepherd. Haena ye seen, sir, and amais grat in the solitude to see, some noble Tree, it matters not whether elm, ash, or aik, stannin sick sick-like in the forest—why or wherefore you canna weel tell—for a' roun' the black deep soil is pervious to the rains and dew, and a great river gangs sweepin

by its roots, gently waterin them when it rins laigh, and daabin drunly yards up the bank when it's in spate—and yet the constitution o' the tree, sir, is gane—its big branches a' tattered wi' unhealthy mose, and its wee anes a' frush as saugh-wands, and tryin in vain to shoot out their buds unto the spring—so the hawk or heron builds there nae mair—and you are willing, rather than the monarch o' the wood should thus dee o' consumption, that axes should be laid to his root, and pulleys fastened to his bole and branches, to rug him down out o' that lang slaw linger o' dwining death, till at last, wi' ae crash no unworthy o' him, down he comes—overwhelming hundreds o' snas' saplins, and inferior stannards, and alarmin distant vales wi' the unaccountable thunder o' his fa'—no the less awfu' because lang expectit, and leavin a gap that 'ill no be filled up for centuries—perhaps never while the earth is the earth, and wi' a' its ither trees gangs circlin round the sun, wha misses, as neist morning he rises in the east, the lang-illuminated Glory!

North. Better and better still, my dear James.

All the *Noctes* is not like this, but the staple of Wilson's works consists of similar passages, put before us in a way which convinces us that the author firmly believed that this process of rolling out an obvious metaphor to the thinness of gold-leaf was beautiful and sublime, and the effort of a man inspired. We can easily understand that in societies where this sort of writing is tolerated, it is very highly prized, and it is perhaps this peculiarity in Wilson's works which accounts for the fact stated by Professor Ferrier, that they are very popular in America. It is a peculiarity, however, which will make more fastidious readers find them wearisome to a degree that is astonishing, when we notice the evident power which shines through even the most unfortunate triumphs of Wilson's grandiloquence. And it is a peculiarity which we may seriously regret, when we notice that in many parts of the *Noctes* there is a life and movement which tempts us to believe that, under happier circumstances, Wilson might have greatly surpassed anything he has left behind him. As it is, we cannot take any great interest in works written to suit a narrow and defunct society, and tainted with the exact fault which a larger society is slowest to pardon. When we rise from the perusal of any considerable quantity of Wilson's writings, it is not, indeed, by anything that he wrote, but by the man himself, that we are impressed. We cling to, and wish to carry away with us, the image of a character in which there was manifestly so much nobleness, vigour, and grace, such a manly power of enjoyment, so keen a hatred of littleness and cant. No one that reads these collected works of Wilson can wonder that in his life-time he was so dearly loved, and that he is now so affectionately remembered.

CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.*

Third Notice.

AS Mr. Brewer's volume brings before us the beginnings of the Franciscans in England, the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*, edited by Mr. Shirley, show the beginnings of the reaction against them, and the other mendicant fraternities, under the leadership of Wyclif. But whereas the Franciscan story comes from members of the Order, the historian of the Lollards is a bitter enemy, as sufficiently appears from the title—*Bundles of Tares* collected for the burning. The work, which, although never before printed, has long been known in manuscript, has generally been ascribed to a Carmelite friar, Thomas Netter, who, from having been born at Saffron Walden, is styled Waldensis; but Mr. Shirley shows reasons for believing that it originated with Stephen Patryngton—the predecessor of Walden as Provincial of the Carmelites—that Walden added to the collection, and that, after his death, "the materials thus accumulated were abridged and arranged by another hand." In any case, the collector's own part is small, as he has supplied only a slight connecting narrative, while the book is chiefly made up of pieces which he likens respectively to wheat and tares—the tares, of course, being the "supersemination" of the Wyclifites, while the good wheat comes from their opponents.

Familiar as Wyclif's name is to us, it is surprising how little is really known of him.

To some [says Mr. Shirley] he is the watchword of a theological controversy, invoked most loudly by those whom he would most have condemned. Of his works, the greatest, "one of the most thoughtful of the middle ages," has twice been printed abroad; in England, never. Of his original English works nothing beyond one or two short tracts has seen the light. If considered only as the father of English prose, the great reformer might claim more reverential treatment at our hands. It is not by his translation of the Bible, remarkable as that work is, that Wyclif can be judged as a writer. It is in his original tracts that the exquisite pathos, the keen delicate irony, the manly passion of his short, nervous sentences, fairly overmaster the weakness of the unformed language, and give us English which cannot be read without a feeling of its beauty to this hour.

While Wyclif's own works have never been collected, spurious writings have been ascribed to him in great numbers, and his opinions have been misconceived and misrepresented in all imaginable ways. That his biography has never been adequately written may be inferred from Mr. Shirley's opinion that the Life by Lewis, although published almost a century and a half ago, and although "very poor as a literary performance," "is still the best." Nay, it would seem that, until lately, his very personality has been confounded with that of a contemporary and a namesake. Wyclif was generally supposed to have been

* *Fasciculi Zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wyclif cum Tritico.* Ascribed to Thomas of Walden. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Shirley, M.A. London: Longmans. 1858.

Historia Monasterii S. Augustini Cantuariensis. By Thomas of Elmham. Edited by the Rev. Charles Hardwick, M.A. London: Longmans. 1858.

not only Master of Balliol, but Warden of Canterbury Hall; but in 1841 Mr. Courthope, of the College of Arms, addressed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* a letter in which it was argued that the Warden of Canterbury Hall was another John Whytecliff, or Wyclif, who was also rector of Mayfield, in Sussex. This theory is noticed by Lord Brougham in his *History of the House of Lancaster*; and although Dean Milman appears to think it worthy of little attention (*Hist. of Lat. Christianity*, vi. 106), Mr. Shirley, after a careful examination, pronounces it to be all but certain. Whether the result of the distinction between two John Wyclifs would be to lessen the future biographer's perplexities, is more than we can undertake to say; for while, on the one hand, it would clear some difficulties from his path, he would find himself embarrassed, on the other, by a host of questions about the distribution between the two men of acts which had, until lately, been all referred to one man. But, in any case, Mr. Courthope has added an important item to the reasons for desiring that Wyclif's history may be thoroughly examined.

It was not without many protests that the great system of the mediæval Church, in doctrine and in government, had grown up. But the protests had hitherto come from persons whose character served in a great measure to neutralize them—from men of weak and fanatical minds—from vulgar sectaries tainted with Manichæan or similar errors—from vain and restless speculators. No doubt much discontent had been felt which was never expressed; but thoughtful men in such cases appear to have turned from those parts of the system which they disliked, and, while they found elsewhere sufficient employment for their own minds, to have allowed things to take their course. Thus, while Gregory VII. was labouring to obtain an unlimited dominion for the Papacy, and Lanfranc was labouring to establish the doctrine of Transubstantiation, each of them regarded the other's object with coolness, and might by circumstances have been drawn into direct opposition to it; but no such collision took place, and both Transubstantiation and the Papal monarchy made way. So again, Bernard denounced the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and addressed to Eugenius III. a work which became for the Wyclifites a treasury of evidence against the practical corruptions of Rome; yet Bernard was devoted to the cause of the Papacy, and greatly contributed to its exaltation. Doubtless many a monk who employed himself on airy subtleties, on commenting on the Canticles, or even on the manual arts of transcription and illumination, may have had thoughts within him which, if they had been indulged and followed out, would have anticipated Wyclif or Luther. But such men had been silent; and Wyclif was the first man of grave character, and thoroughly trained in the learning of the times, who came forward after long, quiet preparation to cast into the scale, opposed to Rome the influence of his knowledge and of his high reputation as a teacher. Mr. Shirley has very ably sketched the circumstances of the reformer's age and their bearing on his career; and, although the introduction to this volume does not profess to be a detailed biography, we believe that nowhere will so clear a view be found of Wyclif's principles and labours. The estimate of the reformer himself appears very judicious and impartial; but, instead of quoting from it, we shall extract a passage on the distinction which is to be drawn between him and some who have been considered his followers:—

Grave causes, social and political, were also at work, at first to exaggerate, and afterwards to diminish, his power. But it must never be forgotten, in estimating Wyclif by his disciples, that under the common name of Lollards was gathered every species of religious malcontent. Restless fanatics like Swynderby, with whom Wyclifism was but one of a series of religious excitements; Crompe, whose only crime was a bitter hostility to the mendicant orders, which the times gave an excuse for treating as a heresy; socialist preachers like John Balle; adventurers like Peter Payne; were all united in popular, or at least in clerical estimation, with the genuine disciples of John Wyclif. Another class, as truly alien from his spirit as any, and who began in the next generation to appear in considerable number, were the men who rejected, as unworthy of the Christian religion, whatever did not appear patent at once to the intelligence of the most ordinary learner. For them human nature had no depths, religion no mysteries; yet of the Christian ordinances, that which alone seems to have thoroughly approved itself to them was that which to others appeared the most mysterious of all, the exposition of the Bible by the most ignorant of the priesthood. In the high value they set on this unlettered preaching, and in that alone, they could truly claim the authority of Wyclif. To this mixed character of the Lollards even the few papers contained in this volume bear decisive testimony.

Mr. Shirley expresses a consciousness that the book is "very imperfectly edited," and we have no doubt that in this he expresses his real feeling—nay, that he has real ground for so speaking. But no one who understands anything of the matter will make his shortcomings a matter of reproach. The task was one which could not but be done imperfectly—it was a task which no editor, except a mere charlatan or a man entirely blind to his own defects, could execute so as to satisfy himself; and we believe that, for the manner in which it has been executed by Mr. Shirley, very high credit is due to him. A few little slips, indeed, have struck us. Thus, in the description of Waleram (or Waltram), to whom a certain book, *De Divinis Officiis*, is ascribed by a manuscript note of Bishop Bale, the editor makes an ugly confusion between *Naumburg* and *Nürnberg* (pp. 108, 172); and, indeed, we suspect that he is altogether on a wrong tack as to the book in question. Nor do we understand why Waltram (who is chiefly known for a treatise in defence of Henry IV. against Gregory VII.) should be described (p. 172) as the "opponent" of St. Anselm, since the extant correspondence between the two has nothing of a hostile

character. Again, Mr. Shirley appears to be mistaken when, in his Index, he says that Wyclif was "not truly" charged with holding the opinions of Berengar as to the Eucharist. The marginal notes at p. 155 do not indicate a very exact acquaintance with Berengar's history; and we are inclined to think that Mr. Shirley's idea of him is derived from obsolete sources, whereas a new light has been thrown on the subject by Lessing's discovery of the treatise *De Sacra Cena*. It would, we believe, appear from that treatise that Berengar was no less misrepresented than Mr. Shirley knows Wyclif to have been; and that the views of the two agreed in reality, as well as in the misrepresentations of their enemies.

Towards the end of the Introduction, Mr. Shirley brings distinctly before us a subject which we have already had occasion to touch on:—

In preparing the text from these unsatisfactory materials, I had begun upon the principles commonly applied to editions of classical Latin writers, having recourse, however, to conjecture more sparingly in consideration of the allowance to be made for the less exact character of the mediæval language. A large portion of the volume was ready for the press, and some sheets actually in the printer's hands, when a decided wish was expressed to me by those to whose judgment, as one of the editors of this series, I was bound especially to defer, that I should present in the text the reading of the best manuscript, whichever it might be, and give the various readings of the others in the notes. While taking upon myself the responsibility of not following this advice, on the ground that no one of my manuscripts was sufficiently good to serve as a standard, I have, in the latter part of the volume, so far modified the principles on which I had begun as to retain in the text the reading which had the best authority, wherever it left the sentence intelligible. One example, out of many, may serve to explain the difference. Wyclif's first conclusion, p. 245, begins thus: "Totum genus humanum concurrentium," &c. The two best manuscripts, viz., C. V., read *humanum*, the third, A., reads *hominum*. Had this occurred in the earlier part of the volume, I should have placed *hominum* in the text, *humanum* in the notes. As it is, I have retained, in deference to the manuscript, what I feel sure is the wrong reading. . . . As the volume was originally prepared for the press, the orthography of the manuscript was preserved throughout, and the early sheets were already in the printer's hands when instructions were received to reduce it to the ordinary classical standard. . . . I believe that the line, which must of course be drawn wherever the received classical orthography is adopted, between mere variations of orthography and distinct forms of words must always be more or less arbitrary. With every change something of philological interest, something characteristic of the mediæval language, is sure to disappear. I trust, therefore, that I shall not be thought to have strained a point in preserving such words as *haeresum*, *notorius*, *ambisiato*, *autenticus*.

On the two questions which are here raised, our opinion is decidedly with Mr. Shirley, and (we regret to say) against the rule which has been laid down by the authorities. The existence of this rule, indeed, takes us by surprise, inasmuch as, according to the Treasury minute by which the undertaking was sanctioned—"My Lords understand that each chronicle or other historical document will be edited so as to represent as correctly as possible the text derived from a collation of the best manuscripts." Surely this does not mean that the text is in each work to follow one manuscript implicitly—the readings of the others being invariably banished to the notes—but that the best reading shall be put into the text. To say that a manuscript is "the best," means that, on the whole, it is the most correct; but if MS. A be generally preferred to MS. B on this ground, there is no reason why the preference should be kept up where A is clearly wrong and B is clearly right. Nay, we think that, even if all the manuscripts agree in a reading which is manifestly wrong, and if the right reading can be conjectured with something like certainty, the conjecture ought to be admitted into the text—as we have already said in the case where the Abingdon Chronicle reads "edaci bufa cherontis flammis," instead of "edacibus Acherontis flammis." The reading of the text ought to be that which the author wrote, in so far as it can be ascertained. And, as this principle would lead us to disregard manuscripts in the one class of cases which Mr. Shirley mentions, so in the other class it would lead us to conform to them. We would, out of regard for the history of language, follow a mediæval author, not only in the barbarous formations of his Latin, but even in such peculiarities of mere spelling as are characteristic of his time. No one, it is to be hoped, would imitate Mr. Kemble in transferring the barbarous "ecclesia" of the middle ages to extracts from early Christian writers; but if the word is so written in a mediæval document, it is there characteristic, and ought to be preserved. We therefore regret that Mr. Shirley, who has done so well where he had his own way, has been overruled in the formation of his text; and we think that the rule which has been engrafted (by whom we know not) on the scheme to which the sanction of Government was given, requires to be seriously reconsidered.

The *History of St. Augustine's Monastery* is edited—and, we need not say, well edited—by Mr. Hardwick, whose views as to the formation of a text we are happy to find in agreement with our own:—

I can honestly assure the reader [says Mr. Hardwick] that no trouble has been spared to give him a faithful representation of this valuable manuscript. . . . In the few cases where the text before me was obviously vicious, I have uniformly added the actual reading of the MS. at the foot of the page. Some light has also occasionally been thrown on textual difficulties by verifying the avowed quotations of our author.

In short, the best reading, by whatever means ascertained, is placed in the text; and the editor considers that he has done enough to "give a faithful representation of the manuscript," where it is incorrect, by recording its errors in the notes. This is exactly what we have been contending for.

The chronicle which, although often consulted, is now for the first time published, appears to have been composed about the year

1414. The materials for the history of the monastery are very much the same as those which had been before used by Thorne, whose work is well known as a part of Twysden's *Decem Scriptores*. But the later writer, not content with his proper subject, runs out into the general history of the English Church, and the greatness of his scale appears to have prevented the completion of his undertaking; so that, of the sixty-two abbots who figure in his preliminary scheme, the first fourteen only are treated in the chronicle. The special curiosity of the book consists in the collection of grants which are said to have been conferred by popes and others on the monastery during the earlier ages of its existence. Even in the uncritical twelfth century, the genuineness of some of these documents was disputed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and the Priors of Christchurch, on account of the extravagant claims which the Augustinians founded on them. After much squabbling and repeated applications to Rome, they were decreed to be genuine by Alexander III. and Lucius III.; but the papal judgment has not been respected by the inquirers of later times. Mr. Hardwick gives a good account of the disputes about these documents; but we do not understand why he has omitted all mention of the letter of Giles, Bishop of Evreux, to Alexander III., in which it is stated that a monk of Soissons, on his death-bed, confessed to having forged "apostolic privileges" for the monks of St. Augustine's, who had paid him by a gift of church-ornaments. (Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, ii. Pref. p. v.; or Migne, *Patrologia*, cc. 1411.)

The manuscript from which this volume has been printed, and which appears by the facsimile to deserve the editor's epithet of "splendid," is now in the library of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to which it was presented in 1611 by an antiquary of the name of Hare—"Hac tamen intentione," as his inscription states, "ut si imposterum (favente Deo), monasterium illud [B. Augustini] reedificari contingeret, tunc magister et socii Collegii sive Aula Sanctæ Trinitatis predictæ eundem librum monachis ejusdem cœnobii restitui facerent, quoniam ad eos de jure pertinere debet." Mr. Hardwick, in quoting these words, contents himself with saying that they "will serve to indicate the spirit and intention of the donor;" but we can hardly suppose that his thoughts went no further. The Warden and Fellows of St. Augustine's in our day are not, indeed, "monachi;" but the ancient monastery has been "re-edified" as a place of religious education in connexion with the National Church, the most conspicuous part of its new buildings being a library which Robert Hare, if now alive, would certainly regard as the fittest repository for his gift; and we must think that the title of Trinity Hall to retain the manuscript any longer is very questionable indeed.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.*

THERE are some books which deserve notice simply on account of the evidence which they supply as to the tastes and opinions of certain classes of society, and Mr. Jeaffreson's book on novels and novelists is certainly one of them. We have occasionally been charged with dealing too severely with the follies of a small, a noisy, and an arrogant class of persons, which claims a sort of monopoly of the honours due to literature, and which wishes to erect into a quasi-corporate profession those who rely for a subsistence principally upon their contributions to periodical publications. We have uniformly maintained that these gentlemen entirely mistake their own position, and that of other callings, and that it is important to the interests of politics and of literature that they should be made aware of their deficiencies in several important particulars. Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's book appears to us to have been written as a sort of type of the very temper and of the very defects to which we refer. It illustrates them, indeed, in a manner at once so perfect and so unconscious, that all we have ever said upon the subject can give but a most imperfect view of it in comparison with a perusal of *Novels and Novelists*. In most other points of view the book is insignificant. It tells us little that is much worth knowing. The first volume gives lives of, or criticisms upon, twenty-one novelists; and the second performs the same office for no less than eighty-eight, most of whom are still living. We ought, however, to explain that, whilst 335 pages are devoted to the first fifteen lives, no more than seventy-one are assigned to the remaining seventy-three. The style and the importance of these minor biographies will be best appreciated from a few extracts:—

George W. Thornbury.—Among the crowds of young men of ready wit and extensive reading who form the rising generation of authors, Mr. Thornbury stands forth prominently and honourably. Besides contributing articles without number to the leading magazines and the columns of [a weekly contemporary whose name we do not reprint], he has given to the world a succession of distinct works. As a novelist Mr. Thornbury is not much known to the public, though there are few who have not been delighted with the remarkable tales he has anonymously sprinkled over the pages of serials. But a novel, it is rumoured in literary circles, will shortly appear from his pen, in the orthodox three volumes, entitled *Every Man his own Trumpeter*.

This is one of the latest improvements in the art of puffing which we have met with. Here is a dignified passage:—

At one time, while waiting till his pen should enable him to lay aside the profession of surgery, he practised with some success as a dentist, indeed, the

first of his poems that we ever heard was one he somewhat indiscreetly fired off whilst removing some tartar from a lady's teeth.

Mr. Jeaffreson, in another place, gives a sketch of four brothers, who it appears assist each other in their literary undertakings, and he enlivens it with the following pretty observation:—

We feel no slight curiosity as to the mutual relation in private life of this stanch fraternity—this happy family of literature. It is difficult to imagine that, with so loving a front to the world, they squabble and fight in the background, like all the brothers of our own acquaintance.

Mr. Jeaffreson is not only deeply infected by the notion that every man who writes novels makes a present of his privacy to the public, but he grovels on the earth before a successful novelist with that sort of veneration which he would be the first to denounce for its snobbishness, if it were offered to any other kind of success. Could the Jeames and Jenkins who are his standard of base adulation go below this:—

To follow Mr. Dickens into his private life of course we have not presumed. The privacy of the illustrious ought ever to be held sacred, although perhaps biography would sometimes be more useful to society were those it treats of still moving in the world. . . . Mr. Dickens is a married man, blessed with children, and is the centre of a society as brilliant and distinguished as ever surrounded a man of letters in London. Every now and then little bits of gossip connected with his doings—the theatrical entertainments at his house, his journeyings and his tarryings—find their way into the public papers, and these scraps of intelligence are read throughout the country with not less avidity than the Royal transactions on the Slopes recorded by the court newsmen.

We give these extracts as specimens of the tone of Mr. Jeaffreson's performance. He is at home in all the gossip of "literary circles," and he thinks that the clique to which he gives the name forms the very cream of literature, discharges its most important functions, and is entitled to its highest honours. He tells us this in so many words in his sketch of Mr. Dickens:—

At the outset, novel-writers formed a humble division of the profession of letters; now it would not be too much to arrogate for them, in conjunction with journalists (and a successful journalist is almost always a novelist as well), the dignity of the first rank in literature. . . . At one time the historian was regarded as a literary entity far above the tale scribbler; but to any one endowed with critical discernment, it is evident that the best historians of our generation are the offspring of the novel-writers. . . . When questioned on the social standing and condition of authors, we immediately turn to the cases of men who, though they may be exerting themselves strenuously as journalists and critical writers, are chiefly known to the world, and are celebrated as novelists.

He adds, a little further on, that "the position of Mr. Charles Dickens is the best possible illustration of these observations;" and he attributes the palmy condition of modern, as compared with earlier novelists, to the sympathy which they elicit by the moral and philanthropic purposes to which they address themselves, spurning the base example of Sir Walter Scott, whose avowed object was amusement.

The *naïveté* with which Mr. Jeaffreson avows views, which so many persons indicate without avowing them, affords a favourable opportunity for pointing out their pernicious folly. It is, indeed, a subject on which it is hardly possible to speak too strongly, for this theory of novel-writing is so flattering to the idle, the ignorant, and the uneducated part of mankind, that it has attained considerable popularity, and is not likely to lose it. The question at issue is this—Are novels proper vehicles for direct political and social discussions, or is amusement their legitimate object? We cannot understand how any one who has ever seriously entered upon the discussion of political or social questions can entertain a doubt upon the subject. Such discussions universally turn upon questions of fact, and generally upon facts which are at once highly complicated and hotly debated. Let us look at any one of the numberless questions of this order which have lately engaged public attention. There is the question of prison discipline. It is pre-eminently a question of fact, and one, too, on which it is very difficult indeed to arrive at the truth. How does imprisonment affect those who are subjected to it? How do different systems vary in their effects? Does solitary or does separate confinement drive a man mad? Does the one or the other confirm him in vice? Does the one or the other lead him to reflection and repentance? What are the liabilities to abuse of each of these systems? How far do they place the prisoners at the mercy of a careless or harsh gaoler? What abuses have, in fact, existed, and how widely have they prevailed? Questions like these must be answered with the greatest care, fulness, and impartiality; and the answers must be weighed with the most deliberate scrutiny before any stable and comprehensive conclusion on the subject can be reached. How is the progress towards such a conclusion forwarded, in the most remote degree, by a man who comes forward with a picturesque but simply fictitious story, in which, with almost frantic violence, he proclaims that he takes one view of the subject, to the exclusion of all others—that separate confinement is a monstrous iniquity, that prisons are hells, gaolers devils, and judges beasts, asses, &c.? He may be right or he may be wrong; but his assertion is simply worthless as evidence of the truth of his theory: and it is excessively mischievous, because inconsiderate people are, by their natural weakness, inclined to believe any one who makes strong assertions in an interesting manner. The fundamental vice of novels, considered as works of instruction, lies in the circumstance that the novelist makes his facts, and that, if he is charged with inaccuracy, he can always plead that he is writing a novel, and not a political treatise. He is always proving a truism for the sake

* *Novels and Novelists, from Elizabeth to Victoria*. By J. Cordy Jeaffreson. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

of insinuating a *non sequitur*. No one doubts that such a prison as the gaol in *It is Never too late to Mend*, such a Government as the Circumlocution Office, such a Court as is depicted in *Bleak House*, such a state of society as is drawn in *Hawkstone*, such a system of slavery as is painted in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, would be very bad things. That is what these novels really prove; but what they insinuate is, that the system of English prisons, the English Government, the Court of Chancery, the state of the manufacturing districts in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and slavery in the Southern States of the Union, are, in point of fact, such as Mr. Reade, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Sewell, and Mrs. Stowe assert them to be. And the dexterity of the novelist is proved by the fact, that he inclines his readers to dispense with evidence the study of which would supersede his unsupported assertions. Such assertions are mere impertinences to which a man of real sobriety and fairness of mind would attach absolutely no importance whatever.

If a novel really were a useful instrument for political and social discussion, why should it not be extended to other matters, which turn equally upon questions of fact, though upon questions of a less extended and difficult kind. If Mr. Dickens has in his hand an instrument which enables him to teach us all about the procedure of the Court of Chancery, and to procure its reform, why should he not employ it in criminal as well as civil justice? Why not write a striking tale in a magazine or newspaper, to establish, before trial, the guilt or the innocence of Palmer or Bernard? It would of course be a monstrous absurdity and a gross wrong to an accused person to do anything of the kind. But why is it less unjust in principle to act in a similar way towards bodies of men, and to prejudice questions of great depth and intricacy, by excited, noisy, and constantly reiterated assertions? Of course we know quite well that philanthropic reforms are more important and more dignified pursuits than amusement, but it does not follow that either of them are improved by being mixed up together. To our minds, the consequence is that the one becomes false and the other dull, but there is unhappily no doubt at all that that large and petulant race which wishes to have the honours and the pleasures without the labour of thought, and to enjoy the feeling of being engaged in a dignified occupation, without preparing themselves for its prosecution by any preliminary education, welcomes the advent of earnest novels as a sort of royal road to the attainment of their wishes. Mr. Jeaffreson supplies evidence on this head which is conclusive. He is a man not without a certain sort of cleverness. He is silly, no doubt, but still he is probably somewhat superior, both in cultivation and in liveliness of mind, not indeed to the common run of people engaged in the ordinary business of life, but to the common run of the flighty part of the world; and this is his view of his relation to Mr. Dickens:—

If we attempted to enumerate in succession all the items of the enormous debt of gratitude our nation and all civilised countries owe him, how impossible we should find it to accomplish the undertaking. *His benefits to mankind are as innumerable as the flowers that cover the earth.* . . . Was not his influence so invariably for good, that we feel that he is powerless to exercise it for wrong, it would be fearful to contemplate it. *Directly we examine our relations with him, we are positively alarmed at the sway he has held over us. How we have been in his hands only plastic clay, that he has fashioned to all the honour it was capable of.*

If a man not quite without parts can write this idolatrous folly, it is pretty clear that that large class of persons whose reading is almost confined to novels and the like, must indeed be moulded by their teaching to a most undesirable extent. To form the minds of human beings is as important a task as can be in the hands of any man; and what qualifications for that task has a single one of our popular novelists ever manifested? Sir Edward Lytton is the only one that we can think of who has ever shown himself to possess any solid acquirements whatever. Mr. Warren ought to know something about law, but his knowledge is either merely technical, or else a slobbering imitation of the worst platitudes of Blackstone. Mr. Disraeli has great practical ability, but greater nonsense than his historical or political opinions, as expressed in his novels, no able man ever professed to believe. Of the regular professional novelists there is not one whose opinions would be entitled to the slightest respect, apart from his powers of picturesque description. Recurring to Mr. Jeaffreson's god, who fashioned him into a vessel of fiction, can any one of his admirers point out any one subject which he has seriously and patiently studied, and on which he has arrived at those moderate qualified results which are the best tests of industry and patience? There is hardly any evidence in his works, so far as we know, that he ever read anything except his own novels. His incidental allusions are of a kind which none but an ignorant man would make. Take, for example, the well known joke about Chinese metaphysics, of which one of his characters is said to have composed an account by reading up the articles "Metaphysics" and "China" in a cyclopædia, and combining the results. The joke may pass as a joke, but no well-informed man would have made it. Chinese metaphysics is one of the most curious subjects in the world. No nation is so deeply influenced by metaphysics, and certainly none holds so distinct a metaphysical creed. Take, again, Mr. Thackeray as a moral teacher. He preaches a sort of gentle universal doubt, dashed with a kind of sentimental belief founded on the fact that good women are not usually sceptical. Here, indeed, is an enormous doctrine; but where are the facts on which it is sustained? Montaigne, Pascal, Voltaire,

or Gibbon had a right to be sceptical, as Dr. Milman has a right to be orthodox; but where is Mr. Thackeray's right? His books show an acquaintance with Horace, and one or two other Latin poets, and they also contain a few references to Gibbon; but it is impossible to believe him to be a man of real learning. We must, however, do him the justice to say that hardly any man knows better the length of his tether. He sometimes puts forward sentiments which he would, we think, be at a loss to justify; but he never advocates positive opinions on subjects which he does not understand. His writings form an honourable exception to those of most modern novelists, for they are emphatically honest.

Surely if these reflections are just, it is not only a legitimate but an inevitable conclusion that novels are absolutely unfit for the purpose of discussing serious subjects, and it will follow that, in regarding them as mere vehicles of amusement, Sir Walter Scott showed a soundness and power of understanding which must favourably distinguish him from all his successors. The division of labour is as indispensable in literature as elsewhere. Sermons, novels, and leading articles are essentially distinct, and to roll the three into one anomalous product is to spoil each and all.

HOLLAND'S MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.*

THE reciprocal influence of mind and body is one of the most obscure and difficult subjects in all science. It cannot be expected that any writer will do much towards the solution of the complicated cases which it presents, unless he is well acquainted with medical science, and at the same time versed in both deductive and inductive methods of investigation. Besides these a tolerable knowledge of moral philosophy and metaphysics will be absolutely necessary to preserve him from the hopeless confusion into which shallow thinkers fall from inability to distinguish between the instincts, appetites, affections, principles which belong to the original constitution of human nature, and mere idiosyncrasies, whether such as appear in individuals, or such as admit of some kind of classification. For such a work, then, as *Chapters on Mental Physiology*, it is quite indispensable that the author should be a physician or surgeon in considerable practice, and thus far we suppose the conditions required are fairly complied with in the case of the Queen's Physician in Ordinary. But we are bound to add that the perusal of the volume does not lead us to think very highly of the writer's accomplishments beyond the sphere of his own profession. Neither do we know of any writer of the day who can be deemed in this respect a worthy successor of Dr. Prichard. Moreover, it is unfortunate that so strong a prejudice exists against medical practitioners who are thought to have devoted much attention to philosophical questions. The biographer of Dr. Thomas Young alludes to this subject, and assigns this prejudice as a reason for Young's failure in his profession. The existence of such a prejudice is much to be regretted, and no doubt materially affects the progress of sound views on the subject of mental physiology. It is not indeed fair to expect a regular and systematic treatise in a volume which is issued with the unpretending title of *Chapters on Mental Physiology*. We might well be satisfied if such a work should contain useful suggestions for future authors, or add some important cases which might aid subsequent investigators. We are not prepared to say that nothing has been accomplished in this direction by the volume now before us; but a glance at its contents may be enough to convince any reader how little he must expect from it. It is a volume of scarcely 350 pages, which professes to treat of instincts and habits, the nervous system, the brain, the memory, consciousness, attention, with the phenomena of sleep, dreaming, and insanity; and room is found in the midst of all this complication of topics for a chapter on phrenology. With regard to all these subjects, the utmost that Sir Henry Holland can be said to have effected is the having given some account of the present state of the science. He has pointed out the difficulties, and not unfairly stated the case; but the chapters into which the volume has been divided are very disjointed and loosely connected. We must, moreover, own to a prejudice against the unsightly printing of Greek without accents in a work written by an author who is learned enough to quote Galen and Hippocrates in the language in which they wrote. Neither do we see what advantage is gained by referring to Dante for a sentiment far better known in most other languages than in Italian—*Contra miglior voler, voler mal pugna*, p. 197.

On such a series of detached thoughts as meets us in this volume, we have really little further observation to make than that we find some statements in the truth of which we concur, whilst there are some few from which we are obliged to dissent. It would indeed be overstating the case in every way to say that there is a great deal of what is true and a great deal of what is new in the volume, but that, unfortunately, the new and the true never coincide. The truth of the matter is, that the work, regarded in a metaphysical light, is a very

* *Chapters on Mental Physiology*. By Sir Henry Holland, Bart, M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L. Oxon, &c. &c., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, Physician in Ordinary to H.R.H. the Prince Consort. Founded chiefly on chapters contained in "Medical Notes and Reflections," by the same Author. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Longmans. 1858.

slight production; and perhaps the author's inadequacy to deal with such a subject is shown more conspicuously in the fourth and fifth chapters than in any other part. The fourth treats of mental consciousness in its relation to time and succession. It is but justice to Sir Henry Holland to say that he has stated the case fairly and intelligibly. The question is, whether our mental existence, as interpreted by consciousness, is to be viewed and understood as a series of acts and states, single at the instant of time, succeeding each other with more or less rapidity of change, but in absolute and unbroken sequence—or as a wide and mixed current, in which various sensations, thoughts, emotions, and volitions do actually coalesce and co-exist as to time, and are simultaneously testified to us by this common consciousness. In other words, the advocates of the former of these views would affirm that the mind can only entertain one idea—only grasp a single thought—at the same instant of time, and that, though the change of ideas presented to the mind may be so rapid as to approach an infinite succession in a finite interval of time, yet time is an essential element in their development. Those who adopt the other hypothesis, on the contrary, affirm that time need have nothing to do with consciousness—that there is no necessity for succession in ideas, which may nevertheless present themselves in endless variety to a given mind, at an infinitesimal point of time. The author is fully aware how liable the discussion is at every turn to be resolved into questions of words, and seems also to recognise the chief difficulty of the case, though he understates it. He says—"We have to consider time, not as measured by the mechanism of instruments, but as an element almost infinitely divisible, through which our existence is carried forwards in a continuous but ever-changing line;" and he refers, in illustration, to the minute divisions of time revealed to us by physical science—such, for instance, as is implied in the number of undulations necessary to the formation of the different colours of the spectrum. These numbers in their greatness, and these intervals in their minuteness, do indeed, as the author observes, transcend all human powers of conception; yet are they short of infinity. And it is on the word *almost* that the fallacy of the whole view consists. To establish that view, it is quite necessary to regard time as infinitely divisible, and the successive states of mind as following each other in infinitely rapid succession. We do not quite understand the author when he says that "the simple fact of sequence being necessarily admitted, any question on this subject must have relation either to the rapidity of succession or to the exclusiveness of the particular state of mind at each instant of time." Surely the view itself requires both infinite rapidity of succession and the power of entire exclusiveness. And all the illustrative instances produced by him prove only what nobody denies—that there are successions of ideas in successive intervals of time, and that the mind does possess that power of exclusiveness denominated by logicians the faculty of abstraction and generalization. That a person may be amidst a multitude of sounds, one only of which is perceived by the mind—or that he may be viewing a noble landscape of mountain, valley, lake, and river, whilst but a portion of it is commonly taken in by his mind's eye—simply proves nothing as to the limited capacity of the mind at any given instant. That it *can* does not prove that it *must*. And if it be a near approximation to truth to say that an acute pain frequently obliterates another before existing, though the causes of the latter are still actively present, still this goes a very little way towards proving that two distinct pains cannot be felt by the same individual at the same instant of time. Still less in point is the argument derived from the fact that the physical sensation of mere bodily pain will frequently cease if the mind be diverted into some other train of thought. Any one who will give his attention to this subject will see that after all there is little or no argument used by the upholders of this view, who indulge in a great deal of assertion founded on pure assumption. Thus we are told, page 128, that "the thoughts or acts of memory, however closely related to one another, cannot be presumed to exist at the same moment." And again, "association of ideas always involves succession." Certainly the case is disposed of at once if we admit these assumptions. But the whole argument from beginning to end is a pure *petitio principii*.

Further on, the author becomes quite puerile in his attempt to illustrate the extent to which the will has power over the succession of ideas. The illustration selected consists in giving special acts of voluntary attention to the variety of different patterns that can be formed at will out of a regularly patterned carpet or paper. The difficulty felt by the mind in detaching its attention from one combination and fixing it on another, and the time employed in making the change, are matters of common experience. But, again, this is only an evasion of the other question, whether time, which undoubtedly elapses between two given states of mind, must necessarily intervene when the mind is conscious of any complex idea whatever. In a case of such extreme difficulty, the analogy of the external sense of seeing might with advantage have been made use of. The picture painted on the retina consists of what may be called a scene, presented with more or less of distinctness to the mind's eye. The eye, by narrowing its field of view, may gain a more distinct impression of a particular part of the whole scene which still remains before it, and this process may be repeated till the attention is fixed upon a mere point, but it would be absurd to

say that the rest of the picture *must* disappear because the attention may be entirely concentrated on a single point. Be it remembered, too, that we are speaking of physical, and not mathematical points. Again, in the case of vision at a surface which gives images by reflection as well as refraction—or, which is a simpler case, that of direct vision of objects in the same direction at a very great distance from each other—it is obvious that the attention may be so absorbed by either as to render the other image indistinct to almost any extent. The analogy suggests the explanation of that state of mind which contemplates certain parts to the apparent exclusion of other parts of a complex scene presented to it.

The fact of the simultaneous presence of different thoughts to the mind will bear illustration from the change which a simple idea undergoes—e. g., that of a circle—as the knowledge of the thinking person increases. The laborious process of investigation which occupied so much of the learner's time presents its results to the mathematician's mind, surely, in no successive order. The idea of a circle contains in itself all, perhaps—certainly much—of what he knows about it. And this leads us to what we conceive the true view of the case. The mind of man is a type and counterpart, however faint, of his Creator's mind. It belongs to man's feebleness that he cannot grasp a complete idea—that every idea must be indistinct, not only when first conceived, but even at the conclusion of the most elaborate investigations. What is derived to us by the tedious methods of deduction, the magnificent glimpses of truth that are verified by the laborious processes and crucial tests of induction, are present to the mind of the Almighty, utterly independent of time, because they were there before time was created. It would be an absurdity of which no sane person could be guilty, to speak of time being necessary to the thought of the Almighty; and it is no enthusiastic rhapsody to compare the mind of man with that of his Creator. On principles of natural theology, we can gain no insight into the Creator's mind but by studying the minds which He has created, and viewing in them the shadow of those principles which exist in Him. And Revelation certainly sanctions this view. If not, we must profess our utter inability to attach any meaning to the statement that man was made in the image of God.

THE HOUSE OF CAMELOT.*

REVIEWERS, or, at all events, reviews must be supposed to be officially invested with a sort of omniscience. "We," whose critical judgments go forth to the world on the forenoon of every seventh day, must be held in common courtesy to be equally acquainted with the succession of the Chinese Emperors and with the organization of the anoplotherium; we are equally versed in the profundities of Nominalism and Realism, and in the grammatical structure of the tongue of the Ojibbeways. If otherwise, how could we with equal confidence call before our tribunal historians and zoologists, metaphysicians and philologists, young ladies who ride unprotected from Timbuctoo to Kamtschatka and old gentlemen who favour us with their first impressions of men and things immediately south of the English Channel? We are used to all of them; we know all about them all; we can deal with every one of them, condemning or acquitting without a shadow of doubt as to the justice of our verdict. But there is a point at which omniscience itself is baffled. There is an old Greek proverb, *ἡ θεὸς ἡ ἀνθρωπότης*—there are people and actions which, as Gibbon says of Belisarius, are either above or below humanity. And so, we find, there are books which are either above or below us, which are altogether outside our sphere, which we cannot reduce to any standard enabling us to dispense either praise or blame. We confess to being reduced to this state of pure and helpless puzzlement by the two volumes called the *House of Camelot*. It seems to be meant for a historical novel, at least it contains one or two names of places, nations, and persons which we have seen in historical writings. But as for the tale resembling anything we have ever heard of in any age calculated by chronologers, or in any part of the world mapped out by geographers, we can only say that the scene might as well have been laid in the planet Saturn in times when Tellus was subject to a dynasty of ichthyosaurs. It would be untrue to pretend that we got through the book, though we did our very best to accomplish it; but we did get far enough to see the name of Charlemagne introduced, apparently as that of a contemporary. Now, let no one fancy we are going, barbarously and unromantically, to take our Eginhard in one hand and our *House of Camelot* in the other, and to show how many times the two authorities contradict one another. Not at all; the *House of Camelot* is far beyond any criticism of that kind. We don't ask, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, whether "Theseus, Duke of Athens," belonged to the House of Cecrops or of Bienne. Both William Shakespeare and Mary Linwood have got quite out of the reach of any such minute philosophy. A little time back we examined Sir Charles Napier's *William the Conqueror*, and we felt bound to pronounce that it contained many careless blunders and many unjustifiable deviations from historic truth. But when we stop to talk about blunders, about deviations from truth, we imply that there is a

* *The House of Camelot. A Tale of the Olden Time. By Mary Linwood. 2 vols. London: J. F. Hopa, 1858.*

groundwork of truth at the bottom. Of course, after all, Sir Charles does give something like the broad outline of the facts of the eleventh century; the authoress of the *House of Camelot* does not give us the remotest approximation to the facts of the eighth. We must read her story, if we read it at all, as laid not in Brittany in the reign of Charlemagne, but in Nephelococcygia in the reign of Epops. Viewed by such a standard, some readers may perhaps think it intensely interesting. We did not think it so, as we have already confessed the fact that we could not get to the end; but this is a matter of taste, and possibly the fault may lie altogether with ourselves.

As far as we can make out the story, there was once a time—we cannot find it in any of our books, but never mind, as we are studying the history of Nephelococcygia—when the heathen Britons were sadly oppressed by the invasions of Anglo-Saxon Christians. The latter were gallantly resisted by no less a personage than Arthur himself. "It is," we are told, "also a received opinion, on the authority of Nennius and others, that the renowned British Prince Arthur fought his eleventh battle against the Saxons in the vicinity of Camelot Castle, which afterwards formed part of the kingdom of the West Saxons." Whether this is Tennyson's "many-towered Camelot" we know not—who the "others" may be we know not—but most certainly Nennius, in our copy, says, "Undecimum factum est bellum in monte qui dicitur Agned." Agned may, for aught we know, be one and the same with Camelot; and certainly, while some commentators place Agned at Edinburgh, others place it in Somersetshire, at Cadbury Camp. We can also testify to the existence, in that county, of a village called Queen's Camel, which, though not very near Cadbury, may conceivably be the Camelot of Miss Linwood. However this be, King Arthur grants the Castle of Camelot, somewhere by the Mendips, to a certain chieftain whose descendants defend themselves for a long time against the Christian invaders. The Lords of Camelot were very strong in their own faith; indeed, "after the profanation of the Druidical temples in the Isle of Mona [which, by the way, Tacitus and Merivale have somehow transferred to the first century] the Arch-Druid had been received as a holy guest within the Castle of Camelot." At last Avalloc, the last of the line, finds the Christian Saxons too much for him, and sails over to Brittany, having first taken an oath, which we are sorry to say the Arch-Druid approved, "that the first Christian who might fall within his grasp should be immolated to the memory of their desecrated altar." In Brittany he founds a new Camelot, and is "raised to the dignity of a Prince by the representative of Karl, its King, the nephew of the great Arthur." Nevertheless "the restless Saxons," "three Thanes in particular, Redvers, Ascelin, and Hamelin," contrive to settle in his dominions and give him a great deal of trouble. At last, "in the year 778, when Charles the First (for he had not then received the consecration of Pope Leo, by which he acquired his future appellation of Charlemagne) was making the tour of his kingdom," a straggler from his train commits "a trifling depredation near the cromlech raised by Avalloc for the pious resort of himself and his family." [We can fancy M. Worsaae and Dr. Guest puzzling out their several difficulties as to the limits of races in Somersetshire, and as to the use and date of cromlechs.] He is of course to be sacrificed, but he escapes, owing to what another branch of the Celtic race would call a regular skirmish between Avalloc, the Arch-Druid, and Avalloc's wife Seraphina.

Perhaps our readers will think this is enough. We, however, got on much farther, and read a great deal about Osric, and Everard, and Albinia, and Gonilda, and Tassilon, Duke of Bavaria. We were introduced to some curious scenes, in which illustrious damsels pass through the air in a very mysterious way, and find themselves in very questionable society at their journey's end. Into the second volume we did not penetrate farther than at a chance spot to light on the following:—"Though you belong not to the mystic Order of the Allraunen, I need not tell you that their Grand Master and the Prince of Pandemonium are one." If our readers wish to learn more on these curious points we can only send them to the volumes to judge for themselves. As we before said, the *House of Camelot* is beyond us; but, feeling it to be beyond us, we wish to influence no man's opinion of that about which we feel ourselves so incompetent to judge.

We have, however, one remark to make on a more sublimary matter, and one affecting ourselves, in which not the author, but the publisher of the *House of Camelot* is concerned. On the fly-sheet of the *House of Camelot* we find this advertisement:—

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HOLLAND: its Institutions, Press, Kings, and Prisons; with an awful Exposure of Court Secrets and Intrigues. By E. Meeter.

"This is just the book that people would like to read."—*Saturday Review*.

London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

We must beg of our readers to turn to p. 114 of our fourth volume, (August 1st, 1857), and see what we really did say of the disgraceful book to which our name is thus impudently tacked. The pretended quotation from the *Saturday Review* they will not see there. The present case is not one of even any use, however disingenuous, of the scissors. The words attributed to us are pure invention. We have seen a good deal of the art of puffing, but the daring effrontery of this insolent perversion of what we said beats everything.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.*

IT is impossible even for the most tolerant Protestant to open a Roman Catholic History or Biography without an uncomfortable feeling of suspicion. You have the same sort of feeling towards them that you have towards statements emanating from a Russian Chancery. The writers may be very honourable men, and the facts may be literally true, but you are certain that they are marshalled and coloured to support a foregone conclusion which the writers themselves would confess that no amount of hostile fact would avail to disturb. The judicial habit of mind may exist in respect to secular matters, and you may be delighted by the critical powers which they call forth; but the moment any subject arises in which the honour of the Papacy or the Roman Church are distantly concerned, a change comes over the writer's faculties as disheartening as the sudden wandering of a clever monomaniac whenever you chance to light upon his special delusion. Critical acumen, quick perception, close logic, are all clouded over in an instant, and the finest understanding sinks at once to the platitudes and the sophisms of the vulgar bigot. This intellectual distortion is a plant of modern growth; it was not so in the days of Mabillon and Fleury. But it is now so universal that it must be taken into account in estimating the merits of any modern Roman Catholic biographer. It is one of the cases in which the excuse "he was not above his age"—or at least an excuse closely analogous to it—may be fairly pleaded. Dr. Russell, therefore, must be leniently judged, if he has not been able to lay aside his Roman spectacles, and is guilty of recklessly idolizing every ecclesiastical dignitary, his hero included, who chances to come in his way—the more so that, in every other respect, his biography is carefully as well as readably executed. Mezzofanti's unobtrusive life furnishes little material for an exciting narrative, and it necessarily brings many details of an uninviting erudition into view; and yet the work is never dull. The performances of Dr. Russell, Cardinal Wiseman, and the Texas missionary, during the present year, incline one to the belief that the Eternal City is no bad school for the training of an agreeable writer.

Mezzofanti is a fit subject for a biography, for he depends wholly on his biographer for his fame. He has left no lasting work of utility, no abiding memorial of his powers; but he was a prodigy, a freak of nature, such as the world never saw before, and is not likely to see again. All that is interesting in his life consists in the description of his marvellous linguistic attainments. There is nothing to be said of his career, except that he was born at Bologna, became a professor there, and lived there till he was made keeper of the Vatican library, when he moved to Rome, where he was made a cardinal, and resided till his death. His character had as little that was salient or individual in it as his life. It was that of a model Italian priest; in other words, it had attained that emasculated regularity of impulse, that well-washed neutrality of tint, in which the Roman Catholics place their highest religious ideal. The only thing that was remarkable in him was his power as a linguist; and on this point the description of him rises at once from the insipid to the fabulous. Dr. Russell's life of him is almost wholly taken up with the preternatural command of languages that the cardinal possessed. He prefaces it, for the purposes of comparison, with a short account of the principal linguists whose names are recorded. Mithridates was familiar with the languages of all the nations over whom he ruled, to the number of twenty-five. Pico della Mirandola, in the fifteenth century, though he died at the age of thirty-one, is said to have known twenty-two languages. Jonadab Alhanar, a dragoman in the sixteenth century, is said to have reached the number of twenty-eight; and the same number is claimed by our own Sir William Jones, if we include those which he knew only imperfectly. Many linguists have carried their acquisitions to the number of twenty—Niebuhr, Sir John Bowring, and the late Dr. Mill are among the best known of the list. But all these exploits sink into absolute insignificance, when compared with the attainments of Mezzofanti. His nephew, Dr. Minarelli, enumerates 114 languages with which the Cardinal was acquainted. Dr. Russell rejects this enumeration as exaggerated, but after adducing and carefully comparing an enormous mass of evidence, which he has collected from travellers or friends, he comes to the conclusion that seventy-two was the number of languages with which Mezzofanti was conversant, besides about thirty minor dialects; and that of these there were no less than thirty that he spoke with a rare excellence, and in which his powers were frequently tested; and nine others which he was said to have spoken fluently, but in which, from the nature of the case, it was impossible that he should have been sufficiently tried. This last category includes such languages as Basque, Algonquin, and Californian, which were learnt from some chance stranger at Rome or student in the Propaganda; and as the atmosphere of Rome seems to possess a peculiar deadliness for the wilder races, the single witness of Mezzofanti's powers in each of these tongues seldom remained long within reach of an inquirer. But there seems to be no doubt that, of the thirty languages in the first list, his knowledge was exquisitely minute. It was tested over and over again by travellers and Propaganda students. He would constantly, in the later years of his life, maintain, for amusement, a species of linguistic

* *The Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti; with an Introductory Memoir of Eminent Linguists, Ancient and Modern.* By C. W. Russell, D.D., President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. London: Longmans. 1858.

tournament with students from some ten or twelve different countries at once, answering each of them in his own tongue, as they showered down questions upon him, with perfect accuracy, and without a moment's hesitation. He would frequently cause strangers to mistake his nationality and take him for a compatriot; and this would happen, which sounds the most wonderful of all, sometimes even with English travellers. The two gifts which he combined in such marvellous proportions were, an unflinching memory, and a most delicate ear for the niceties of pronunciation. He was as much at home in the vulgar or provincial dialects of a language as in the language itself. He would tell the birthplace of a Frenchman or a Chinaman by his accent, would twist one Englishman from the county of Somerset in the "Zumerzeshire" dialect, and would overwhelm another by haranguing him in the slang of a London cabman. Still more marvellous, perhaps, was the manner in which these extraordinary attainments were made. Most linguists of distinguished fame were also travellers. Sir W. Jones and Sir John Bowring obtained their Oriental knowledge on the spot; Niebuhr's languages were mostly languages of countries of Central Europe, in which, in the course of his life, he had resided; and Mithridates merely learnt the dialects of the populations among whom he had lived, either as ruler or campaigner. But Mezzofanti, though his forte lay rather in the colloquial than the grammatical aspect of a language, was never outside of Italy. He acquired all his marvellous store entirely from the foreigners who might chance to appear in Bologna or Rome; for a single native was always enough to teach him a language. In the earlier part of his career, the soldiers of the Austrian army who were invalided at Bologna, formed a rich mine of information for the languages of that polyglot Empire. In his later years he was resident at Rome, where curiosity, love of art, ecclesiastical and missionary business drew a concourse of strangers from all quarters of the earth. Most of the recondite American or Asiatic languages which figure in his catalogue were learnt from students of the Propaganda. After a certain period in his life, the faculty of acquisition became such a perfect instinct, that he was able first to learn a language colloquially from some Californian or Algonquin, and then teach it back to his instructor in a grammatical form. He exhibited a curious instance of this power to the present King of Sweden:—

According to another account which I have received, the Prince having suddenly changed the conversation into a dialect peculiar to one of the provinces of Sweden, Mezzofanti was obliged to confess his inability to understand him. What was his amazement, in a subsequent interview, to hear Mezzofanti address him in this very dialect.

"From whom, in the name of all that is wonderful, have you learnt it?" said the Prince.

"From your Royal Highness," replied Mezzofanti. "Your conversation yesterday supplied me with a key to all that is peculiar in its forms, and I am merely translating the common words into this form."

Yet, with all this, Mezzofanti was a mere prodigy, and scarcely deserves a higher place in the Pantheon of intellect than a blindfold chess-player or a calculating boy. Having all the stores of philological science at his command, he selected the chaff and rejected the grain. Dr. Russell is angry with the observations, "that he could speak in every language, and said nothing in any;" that "with the keys of the knowledge of every nation in his hand, he never unlocked their real treasures;" and yet these criticisms are literally true. Mezzofanti admitted them himself, when he said that "he was but an ill-bound dictionary," and deplored to Cardinal Wiseman that "when he should be gone, he would have left behind him no trace of what he knew." Dr. Russell tries to argue that the province of the linguist and the province of the philologist, though cognate, are totally distinct; and he sneers savagely at the *cui bono?* objection:—

For myself, I cannot envy the moral and intellectual utilitarianism which pauses to measure by so paltry a standard a great psychological phenomenon, such as Nature, in the most prodigious exercise of her powers, has never before given to man to see. As well might we shut our eyes to the glory of those splendid meteors which at intervals illumine the sky, because we are unable to see what cold and sordid purpose of human utility they may be made to subserve.

Strange language this for a director of education—stranger still for a minister of religion. Language is to the philologist what observations are to the astronomer, or experiments to the chemist. What should we think of an astronomer who had observed some very recondite phenomena, but who, having a marvellous memory, had never written them down, but had allowed them to perish with himself? So far as human knowledge is concerned—we do not speak of the use to which his languages may have been put in ecclesiastical ministrations—he was a mere hoarder of acquirements, hiding his talent in a napkin, and refusing to circulate it for the benefit of his kind. The working bees of the world often decry purely intellectual pursuits, and ridicule their want of immediate utility; and the only apology for such an employment of time is, that it adds to the growing pile of knowledge bequeathed by each successive generation to the next, which is the most massive buttress of the civilization of mankind. Mezzofanti has placed himself out of the pale of this justification; and having risen early and late taken rest, and worn out his body in toil and privation, to accumulate this vast pile of erudition, deliberately condemned it to an existence as fleeting as his own. In contemplating his enormous powers, we can do nothing but wonder at the caprice of nature, as we wonder at an Irish giant or a six-legged lamb. Faculties that have left no trace, and borne no fruit for the benefit of others, have no claim to the homage or the admiration of mankind.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CHARLES KEAN'S FAREWELL SEASON as **MANAGER** of the **ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE** will commence on **SATURDAY**, the 2nd **OCTOBER** NEXT, and conclude on **SATURDAY**, the 30th **JULY**.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—**Mlle. PICCOLOMINI'S FAREWELL** TO ENGLAND.—The **FAREWELL** CONCERT of this popular Artist will take place on **TUESDAY**, the 28th **SEPTEMBER** (the day before her sailing for America), when will be given a **GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT**, comprising the principal features of her repertoire. The Concert will also be supported by Signor **GRUGLIERI**, and other artists from Her Majesty's Theatre. Doors open at 10; Concert to commence at 3.

Admission, by Season Tickets, or by Day Tickets if purchased on or before the 27th inst., 2s. 6d.; by payment on the day of performance, 5s.; Reserved Stalls, 2s. 6d. extra. Plans of Seats now ready at the Crystal Palace, and at 2, Exeter Hall, where, as well as at the usual Agents, tickets may be had. Information of Excursion Trains from various parts of the country may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Crystal Palace.

PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—**POLYGRAPHIC HALL**, King William-street, Charing-cross.—**TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS.**—For One Month only, previous to Professor Frikell's departure on a Provincial Tour. Every Evening, at Eight; Saturday Afternoons, at Three. Private Boxes, One Guinea; Box Stalls, 5s.; Orchestra Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Places may be secured at the Polygraphic Hall; and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

THE FUNDS recently contributed to the **BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION** are gratefully acknowledged. More are still required, that the Wards now vacant may be opened before the Winter.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.
HENRY DOBBIN, Secretary.

LONDON DIOCESAN PENITENTIARY.—**THE COUNCIL** have issued an **APPEAL FOR FUNDS**, which are much needed on behalf of their first House, St. Mary Magdalene, Highgate.

"I beg to commend the Appeal for the London Diocesan Penitentiary to the sympathy of the Clergy and Laity. (Signed) "A. C. LONDON, Visitor."

Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by **R. TWING, Esq.**, Treasurer, 215, Strand; by the **Rev. J. OLIVER**, Warden of St. Mary Magdalene, Highgate; by the **Rev. GEO. NUGES**, Honorary Clerical Secretary; and by **ALFRED TREVOR CRISPIN, Esq.**, Honorary Lay Secretary, at the Office, 79, Pall Mall, where Copies of the Appeal and Report for 1857-8 may be obtained.

HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

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The Committee were compelled to incur a very heavy debt to provide for the large number of patients that sought relief; this number is continually increasing, and augmenting the debt. The charity is wholly supported by voluntary contributions. Further aid is most earnestly entreated. Bankers, Messrs. BARCLAY and Co., Lombard-street.

GEORGE BURT, F.R.C.S., Hon. Secretary.

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LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 31, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1806.

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The COMMISSIONERS for the EXHIBITION of 1851 are prepared to receive TENDERS for BUILDING LEASES of three several detached portions of their Estate in Prince Albert's-road and Cromwell-road. Forms of Tender, with Conditions and Plans, may be obtained upon application to Messrs. FLAGGATE, CLARKE, and FISCH, 43, Craven-street, Strand; to Messrs. HUNT and STREPHENS, 4, Parliament-street, Westminster; or to Mr. WADDE, at the Office of the Commissioners, No. 5, Kensington-gore. The Tenders are to be delivered at or before Twelve o'clock on Saturday, the 9th day of October next. The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

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COMPANION TO A LADY.—A WIDOW LADY, aged 34, is desirous of procuring an ENGAGEMENT AS COMPANION TO A LADY. Lady MILDRED BARRSFORD HOPE (Arkwold House, Connaught-place) is willing to speak to her capacities for the position, by manners, education, and good principles.

MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a COURSE OF LECTURES on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the study of Geology and of the application of Mineral Substances in the Arts. The Lectures will be illustrated by an extensive Collection of Specimens, and will begin on FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8th, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour. Fee, £2 2s. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON, 67 & 68, Harley-street, W.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1853, for the General Education of Ladies and for Granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Visitor—The LORD BISHOP of LONDON.
Principal and Chairman of the { The Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.
Committee of Education..... }
Lady Resident—MISS PARRY.

The MICHAELMAS TERM will COMMENCE on MONDAY, OCTOBER 4th. The PREPARATORY CLASS for pupils under thirteen, will OPEN on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th.

Pupils are received as Boarders within the walls of the College by Mrs. WILLIAMS, under the sanction of the Council and Committee.
Prospectuses, containing full Particulars as to Classes, Fees, Scholarships, and Examinations, may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.
The Annual Report of the Council and Committee of Education is printed, and may be had on application. E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

UNITED COLLEGE OF ST. SALVATOR AND ST. LEONARD.

The CLASSES in this College will OPEN on THURSDAY, the 4th of NOVEMBER, at Twelve o'clock, when Principal Sir DAVID BREWSTER will deliver an Introductory Address.

Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., &c. &c., Principal.

PROFESSORS.

| | |
|--|--|
| Latin | J. C. SHARPE, M.A. Oxon., Assistant to W. Pyper, LL.D. |
| Greek | W. Y. SELLEY, M.A. Oxon., Assistant to Andrew Alexander, LL.D. |
| Mathematics | J. COUCH ADAMS, M.A. Cantab., F.R.S. |
| Logic and Rhetoric | W. SPALDING, M.A. |
| Moral Philosophy and Political Economy | J. F. FERRIER, LL.D. |
| Experimental Physics and Natural Philosophy | W. L. F. FISCHER, M.A. Cantab., F.R.S. |
| Chemistry | M. FOSTER HEDDLE, M.D., Assistant to Arthur Connell, F.R.S.S.L. and E. |
| Human and Comparative Anatomy and Physiology | G. E. DAY, M.D., F.R.S. |
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DIVINITY OR ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The CLASSES will OPEN on THURSDAY, the 18th of NOVEMBER.

The Very Rev. JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal.

PROFESSORS.

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity | JOHN TULLOCH, D.D. |
| Second Master and Professor of Divinity | WILLIAM BROWN, D.D. |
| Ecclesiastical History | GEORGE HUIST, D.D. |
| Oriental Languages | A. F. MITCHELL, A.M. |

A considerable number of BURSARIES, tenable for four years, are attached to both Colleges, and are open to Competition; and Prizes are awarded in each of the Classes at the end of the Session.

Some of the Professors receive Students to reside with them, and the Secretaries can afford information regarding Board, Lodgings, or any matter connected with the Colleges.

W. F. IRELAND, Secretary to the United College.

STUART GRACE, Secretary to St. Mary's College.

St. Andrews, 2nd September, 1858.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The NEXT MEETING will be held at LEEDS, commencing on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1858, under the Presidency of

RICHARD OWEN, M.D., D.C.L., V.P.R.S.

The Reception Room will be in the Town Hall.

Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, Magdalen Bridge, Oxford; or to the Rev. Thomas Hinks, Thomas Wilson, Esq., and W. Sykes Ward, Esq., Local Secretaries, Leeds. JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.

6, Queen-street-place, Upper Thames-street, London.

THE SCHOOL OF ART at SOUTH KENSINGTON, and in the following Metropolitan Districts, will RE-OPEN for the Session of Five Months, on FRIDAY, the 1st OCTOBER.

1. SPITALFIELDS—Crispin-street.
2. FINSBURY—William-street, Wilmington-square.
3. ST. THOMAS CHARTERHOUSE—Goswell-street.
4. BOTHERHITHE—Grammar School, Deptford-road.
5. ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS—Castle-street, Long-acre.
6. LAMBETH—St. Mary's, Prince's-road.
7. HAMPSTEAD—Dispensary Building.
8. ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST—Cannon-street-road.

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During the Session 1858-59, which will commence on the 4th October, the following COURSES OF LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chymistry. By A. W. HOFMANN, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.
2. Metallurgy. By JOHN PERCY, M.D., F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. } By WARINGTON W. SMYTH, M.A., F.R.S.
5. Mining. }
6. Geology. By A. C. RAMSAY, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics. By ROBERT WILLIS, M.A., F.R.S.
8. Physics. By G. G. STOKES, M.A., F.R.S.

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